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Freud to Paul: The Stages of Auden's Ideology

RANDALL JARRELL

THERE ARE three stages of the works (and the ideas which are their sources or elaborated by-products) that we call Auden. In the beginning there is the Old Auden, the *Ur*-Auden. What should I call this stage? *Freud and Grettir? The Law of the Members?* Here everything of importance happens inside the Realm of Causal or Magical Necessity. Here—in *Poems,* in *Paid on Both Sides,* and in most of *The Orators*—is the world of the unconscious, the primitive, the childish, the animal, the natural: it is Genesis. The basic structural picture (in Wittgenstein's sense) underlying these poems is that of the long struggle of genetic development, of the hard, blind journey of the creature or its kind. Existence is an essentially dialectical evolution, presented with particular directness in Freudian or saga terms—*i.e.*, in terms succeeding or preceding those of the higher religions. The primary subject of the poems is the discontinuities of growth, the unrecognized or opposed Necessity that determines men and Man. The "change of heart" is meaningless except as a preliminary to change —is, generally, an evasion by which we avoid changing. But even the real choices, the continued-in changes, possess a deterministic pathos. Our fundamental activity is a guilty revolt against a guilty Authority, a revolt predetermined to immediate or eventual failure, a revolt by the neurotic and diseased (to the Audèn of Stage I medicine is a branch of psychiatry, and all illness is functional) against a neurotic and diseased culture.

In Stage I morality is never the instant of choosing, but the years of doing. It is thought of not as a choice, a simple single act of the will or understanding, but as a long and almost impossibly difficult series of actions, a process of processes. True development and genuinely moral behavior have nothing to do with the systematic, disinterested abstraction of the moralist; they are what you yourself are mixed up in, puzzle out, and work at all your life, failing or succeeding only to fail. This is a narrative morality instead of a sermon morality; morality as particular, experienced practice instead of morality as general, vicarious theory. It is Job's morality opposed to

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that of his comforters, the morality of an endangered and confused participant speaking *to himself*. (Auden's later morality is that of a group adviser, abstract, sentimental, and *safe*—for the adviser, at least.)

These early poems effect a strange assimilation of machinery and the industrial world into a traditional, rural, almost feudal world; the new world-view of expanding optimism rots away (as its machines rust to a halt, as its industry grinds down to perpetually lower and poorer levels) into the cyclic pessimism of an older view. The weight and concentration of the poems fall upon *things* (and those great things, animals and people), in their tough, laconic, un-get-past-able plainness: they have kept the stolid and dangerous inertia of the objects of the sagas—the sword that snaps, the man looking at his lopped-off leg and saying, "That was a good stroke." They gain an uncommon plausibility from the terse understated matter-of-factness of their treatment, the insistence (such as that found in the speech of children, in Mother Goose, in folk or savage verse, in dreams) upon the *thingness* of the words themselves. Things are vaguely tabooish, totemistic, animistic—everything is full of *mana,* especially the machines, rusting tutelary deities of the countryside in which everything occurs: if Jung had read the early Auden he would have decided that rusting machines in the country are Archetypal Images of the Racial Unconscious. Auden's early style is rooted in the English country; his later style, compared to it, is an air-plant in a window-box of the cloud-city of the exiled *Wandervögel.* The early poems are in harmony with the more primitive levels of our experience, levels which—since they precede others in the life of the individual conscious—underlie the moralistic and rationalizing levels at which the later Auden is usually working. When we say that some patch of an early poem seems "magical," we sometimes mean that it works directly at levels which we are not accustomed to verbalize or scrutinize, often because they are taken for granted. But in our culture how much (like the flaying of Marsyas) goes on under—far under—the level grey gaze of Reason and Taste; just as Apollo, when he was not occupied with Knowledge, Art and Light, slithered under the pillars of his temples in the person of a hunting snake, and was called by his worshippers the Mouse-Slayer.

In *Look, Stranger,* and *The Dog Beneath the Skin* Auden changes over into a second, essentially transitional stage which continues until *New Year Letter*—itself a transition from the Moral Auden to the New Auden. It is easy to find titles or mottoes for this second stage:

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The Moralist from the Machine; The Questing Beast; Reason as Agape, or The Saviour with the Vote. Here everything important happens in the Realm of Logical Necessity. Here we are free to choose —are implored or forced to choose, are told again and again that our choices are meaningful, that the right choice is predestined to success. A change of heart is a change of vote—what is meaningless about that? Existence has become a *problem* that Auden reasons about, advises us about, exhorts us to make the right choice about; it is categorized, rather than presented, in secular, liberal, humanitarian, sentimental, metaphorically-scientific terms. The typical poems are problem poems. The political moralist raids a generalized, popularized Science for the raw materials and imagery of a morality which he constructs to satisfy the demands of the self and of the age, but which he implies is Scientific: a favorable mutation becomes for him "a morally good act," and even Destiny presents itself (as it does to his father-in-law) in political terms, to be voted for or spoken against. Animals, misguided former voters bogged down in the partial but final solutions brought them by their wasted votes, are patronizingly condemned by the political adviser because they are not free, like us, to go on voting (and being advised). Auden's ethics appear in an abstract, virtuous and interminable Volume II, all the particulars of which are derived from a Volume I that consists of a single sentence: *We must do something about Hitler.* We are all guilty, the will itself is evil (the judgment is a bitter pill with a sugar-and-morphine center); but we can, practically speaking, escape our guilt by recognizing it, by *willing* a sort of Popular Front of the Universe. The quoted *Freedom is the recognition of necessity* (originally, in the purely deterministic Spinoza, the recognition that there is no freedom except the "freedom" of acting according to the conditions of our being, of knowing and consequently loving the universe we are helpless to change) changes, through the growingly optimistic determinism of Hegel and Engels, into Auden's consolatory fable: *To recognize necessity is to have escaped it.* Thus the fundamental structural picture underneath the poems is that of the *fairy tale quest* (and the assimilated Quest of the Grail, temptations of the Buddha or the Messiah, etc.): so much so that genetic development, the underlying structural picture of the first stage, is itself expressed in terms of the quest. Success is no longer struggled for interminably and found at last a failure, but is won, in an instant, by choosing correctly—*i.e.,* voting. Good will *is* Grace: in this ideally democratic fable the third son—a humble and unexceptional hero distinguished from his able

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and eager brothers by his amorphous generalization, his foetalization —tramps goodheartedly, selflessly, will-lessly over the conditions of the universe, choosing, choosing, up to a final choice: a choice rewarded by an external, causally unrelated, paradoxical "success." Actually his normal state is its own reward, his real reward. "Success" is merely the morphological stamp of approval necessary to impress the undiscerning hearers of the parable; it is truly success only insofar as it resembles the state it rewards. Thus the third son, in his most developed and Audenish, his *truest* form, sits happily at home, already successful, and reads indifferently the love-letters of his more primitive forbear, trudging unnecessarily over the tundra or gasping on the peak.

There is only one real name for Auden's latest period: *Paul;* but it is hard to resist *Grace Abounding*; *The Teleological Suspension of Ethics; Waiting for the Spark from Heaven to Fall.* Here everything that is important happens in the Realm of Grace. The fundamental structural picture underlying the poems is that of *waiting humbly for Grace;* man's ultimate accomplishment is *sitting still.* We are damned not merely for what we do, but for doing anything at all—and properly damned, for what *we* do is necessarily evil: *Do not, till ye be done for* is our only possible slogan. In Stage II action and the will are evil, in Stage III everything (except the Wholly Other, God) is evil; Auden, like a backward Cato, leaves no speech without its *Carthage has fallen*—for he, like Niebuhr, accepts the Fall not merely as a causal myth but as the observed essence of all experience. But the speeches no longer support any Universal Popular Front; who are we to help out God's world? (Better wait it out instead.) The earlier *We must do something about Hitler* has become *We must realize that we ARE Hitler.* There is no more choice—we are chosen; the elections of the free voter, the man of good will and good works, have been succeeded by the Election of the helpless and determined sinner, the Man of Faith. The whole concept of evolutionary development has disappeared. The Old Adam of the flesh (blinded by the self-love, self-righteousness and self-conceit pumped into him by the Secular Intelligence, the Wisdom of this World) must *mutate* into the New Adam of the spirit. Just as natural mutations are (often) the effects of extra-terrestrial radiation, this supernatural mutation is an effect or aspect of the unearthly radiation of Grace—that is, it *is* Grace as it feels to us who receive it. (After making up this rather derisive simile I was astonished to find Auden, in something I hadn't read before, using it seriously: Agape is "Eros mutated by Grace.")

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The change of heart and its accompanying changes of behavior are now important only as a sign that we have *been* changed, elected—just as they were in Calvin; but the iron confidence of the theocrat (recreated for our age, in an unprecedented feat of the histrionic imagination, by Karl Barth) has scaled away, exposing its shaky armature of guilt and hope. The determinism of Stage I has returned, but transfigured by that Christian optimism which, in its avid acceptance of the worst evils of our world as necessarily inseparable from our fleshly existence, is more frightening than the most pessimistic of secular views. This already determined text of existence is neither presented, as in Stage I; nor categorized, as in Stage II; but *commented on*. Auden's work now consists of commentaries or glosses of every kind—dramatic, philosophical, critical. He becomes fond of writing criticisms or reviews which, under a vague show of criticizing a work some magazine has hopefully handed him, are secondary commentaries or glosses on those primary commentaries or glosses which are his creative works (so that readers of his reviews are continually exclaiming, "*Now* I see!"); these primary and secondary commentaries are indistinguishable in dialectic and imagery—purple patches, heartfelt confessions, and magical feats of dialectical ingenuity reach their highest concentration in reviews of minor theologians.

In this stage Auden has not forsaken ethics in the least—how could so confirmed a moralist? But his morals are now, like the law in Luther or Niebuhr, merely a crutch to beat people into submission with, to force home to us the realization that there is none good but God, that no works can either save us or make us worth saving. The Old Auden he has been forced to forget entirely—just as, in Freud's myth, we *have* to wipe from our conscious memory all the experiences of our earliest childhood. (In his *Collected Poems* he makes extensive changes in the poems of Stage II, but either omits the poems of Stage I or leaves them unchanged—they are so genuinely and completely alien to him that he can do nothing with them. To prove that he has not kept the faintest understanding of or sympathy for his earliest work, he does worse than leave out *Paid on Both Sides*—he destroys it for good, by following Untermeyer's precedent of printing a few last surviving fragments as lyrics.) But the Secular Auden of Stage II is the New Auden's favorite target of attack. Herod—hitherto represented by everybody as an aboriginal ogre, Freud's Father of the Primal Horde—is presented in *For the Time Being* as the Humane, Secular, Liberal Auden of Stage II. This explains the

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fervid rudeness of the attack: Auden is attempting to get rid of a sloughed-off self by hacking it up and dropping the pieces into a bathtub full of lye. Why on earth should Auden choose to represent *Herod* as the typical Liberal? It would have been far more natural and far more plausible to pick Pontius Pilate (at that time the only regular subscriber to *The Nation* in all Palestine); but Auden could not risk the sympathy for Pilate which, increasingly injected into the gospels as they developed—as anti-Semitic propaganda, incidentally—has been inherited by all of us. We are so *used* to rejecting Herod as a particularly bogey-ish Churchill that Auden can count on our going right on rejecting him when he is presented as Sir Stafford Cripps.

II.

But under all the changing surface forms of Auden's development—often almost grotesquely at variance with one another—there is a constellation of a few persistent organizing forces, the examination of which is a key to the understanding of the changes themselves; particularly if we realize that in development the opposite of an attitude is often more immediately allied to it than any intermediate position—and that Auden's rationalizations of his changes, however irrational they may seem, should rarely be considered of any *causal* importance.

A complex of ideas, emotions and unconscious attitudes about anxiety, guilt and isolation—fused or not yet separated in a sort of sexual-authoritarian matrix—is the permanent causal core of Auden's ideology; it is structural and basic in his nature—compared to it most other things are skin or hair, the mere bloom of rouge. In Auden's work the elements of *anxiety, guilt, isolation, sexuality* and *authority* make up a true Gestalt, a connected and meaningful whole; but the necessities of analysis force the analyst to sketch them one by one, as they appear in the successive stages of Auden's development.

In Stage I *guilt* is ubiquitous, since (a) from his Freudian point of view all levels are reduced to lower, genetically prior levels—"really" are "nothing but" these discreditable animal, savage or infantile levels; since (b) from his dialectical-evolutionary, formally if vaguely Hegelian point of view, any success or good is temporary, already beginning to assume its permanent, discredited and guilty status of failure or evil; since (c) if we look either through Freud's or Marx's eyes, our "reasons" for doing anything never by any chance coincide with the "real," less creditable reasons, so that our whole

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rational life is falsified by the guilty hypocrisy of our half-diseased, half-insane rationalization or ideology. ("Ideology is a process which of course is carried on with the consciousness of the so-called thinkers, but with a false consciousness. The real driving force which moves it remains unconscious, otherwise there would be no ideology." This careful and specific description of rationalization—*ideology* in Engels' terms—appeared in the *Anti-Dühring* in 1878.) Choice, will itself, Auden thinks of as a "necessary error": whatever we do is wrong, inadequate, done for reasons we do not understand, so that we are never free of either guilt or *anxiety*. To a more or less rational anxiety is added sexual anxiety, that of repressed or forbidden sexual development; genetic anxiety, that of the creature which can neither grow nor evolve properly, whose most spectacular success is never anything more than a specialized and exaggerated impasse from which it is now too late to escape; moral anxiety—for in the early Auden the superego is as strong as it is confused, and he finds it horribly difficult but horribly imperative either to know what he should do or to find out how to do it; and hypochondriacal, neurotic anxiety, both psychic and somatic—in "this country of ours where nobody is well," even diseases normally considered organic are something that we *mean* (see Groddeck), so that our hypochondriacal anxiety is a guilty one as well.

In Stage I Auden is guiltily and partially rejecting, revolting against, *authority*. That part of us which does not revolt, judged either by Reason or by our own conscious standards, is despicable in its neurotic or diseased, bourgeois, corruptly passive guilt; but that part of us which revolts against the authority of the Father and the State is guilty by *their* standards, our own unconscious standards: so much so that it desperately seeks sanction in the mythical authority of that hastily-invented fiction, our "real Ancestor," the Uncle. It is as if the gnawn and rock-bound Prometheus had had to postulate a "real" Zeus and a "real" vulture under whose authority he "really" was. (And Prometheus, if he was not an orphan, probably did feel compelled to do something of the sort: we can remember in our own time how Little Father Nicholas was replaced by Little Fathers Lenin and Stalin, Holy Russia by the Fatherland.) Auden's early apotheosis of the (Wicked) Uncle is no more than a particularly innocent, Protestant, and Beatrix-Potterish form of diabolism. It is no surprise to learn, in *Letters from Iceland* and other places, that Auden's parents were unusually good ones, very much venerated by the child: Auden moralizes interminably, cannot question or reject

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Authority except under the aegis of this pathetically invented opposing authority, because the superego (or whatever term we wish to use for the mechanism of conscience and authority) is exceptionally strong in him—as Kardiner says, "The superego is based on affection, not hatred; on delegated and not enforced authority." People have always been puzzled by the doom that hangs like a negative halo over the heads of the revolutionists of Auden's early works, who without exception commit suicide, die or fail. But Auden *must* reward them only with failure or death, in order to relieve the guilt of his own revolt; those who defy Authority must come to bad ends, he knows, and he their creator has at least made them come to such ends, thus satisfying Authority at the same time he has revolted against it. This helps to explain, among other things, Auden's making his revolutionists as neurotic and diseased as the diseased and neurotic society they revolt against. But note his moral use of dadaist and surrealist elements as *symptoms;* the rather comic (and essentially Catholic) life-cycle of the French surrealists—who die at advanced ages, prosperous, well-adjusted, and *still surrealists*—is inconceivable to Auden, the product of a thoroughly moralistic and Protestant culture.

In Stage I guilt is particularly apparent in connection with *sexuality,* a sexuality repressed and condemned by both external and internal authority. This sexuality seems disease like so much else, revolt like so much else: the lover is presented as the leader of a secret cult, as the revolutionist, as the growing organism seduced into regression; but most of all as the sick neurotic—we are given so many lists of the fetishes of abnormal and difficult sexuality that we tend to believe a normal or easy sort not only rare but non-existent. Love is condemned by the Immanent Will within the evolving animal as a fatal, foetal regression, as the great refusal of the creature; when we love women—who are always, in these cases, the primary vessels of sexual wrath—we are giving in to the Mother, stagnating, corruptly acquiescing to Authority instead of persisting in the difficult revolution of growth. Even when treated most favorably love is considered something to be transcended, to be replaced by "independent delight"—it is an escape from which Auden would like to escape. In the psychoanalytic terms haunting Auden's head, it was nothing but oral, anal or genital stages of drives which, dammed up, diverted, or finally breaking free in disguise, were always subjective, predetermined states superficially related to some objective pretext, rather than real responses to a person who is loved. Love is seen as a way of hysterically

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blinding ourselves to our own essential, unchanging isolation—as a sort of Ignoble Lie. (But Auden defends its excesses when other people attack them, by retorting that naturally they seem sick and distorted to a sick, distorted and capitalist world.) It would be hard to make a better summary of what underlies much of Auden's development than Kardiner's generalization of evidence gathered from several cultures: "If the exercise of sexuality falls under the influence of parental authority, all obedience constellations are reinforced, the parents' value for good or evil becomes exaggerated, and guilt about sexual activity leads to anticipation of punishment and the fear of success." If this guilt is reinforced by society in later life, as it may have been in Auden's case, the whole process is considerably strengthened.

Auden has always insisted, with seemingly disproportionate violence, upon the essential and inexorable *isolation* of the individual: one can find dozens of different statements of the proposition. He usually states flatly that it's *so,* and that's all there is to it; you must *be* alone and realize that you are alone, like it or not—any argument or unity is romantic or primitive wishful-thinking. This attitude, in Stage I, is grounded both in his genetic view of the individual (who is separately frustrated and separately liquidated, without exception, even if his species triumphs) and in his Freudian view of ontogenetic development as an unaccountably faithful recapitulation of phylogenetic development. Some of his most beautiful poems express the terrifying and pathetic isolation of the growing organism, unwillingly alone from the moment it is thrust from the womb. He has been cut off from any real union with Authority by his revolt against it; and sexual relations, his next chance at Togetherness, are to him no more than a predetermined, repetitively senseless process of isolated growth —the object of love is a mere external pretext, not essentially differing from the class of abnormal fetishes of which it is the one normal member. The Family is gone. But if it, our culture's normal complex of Togetherness (Sex-Children-Authority) is broken up, both the feelings of isolation and the guilt feelings connected with sex are enormously intensified. This is particularly apparent in Hart Crane's case: his helpless rejection of the normal family, the normal sexual situation of union, isolated him both from his past and in his future—for he knew that he himself was never going to repeat this situation; and, in his present, what sexual ties he attempted had for him no trace of permanence, of recognition, of acceptance by and as Authority.

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The hero of Stage I, the revolutionary cult-leader—inadequately understood by his followers, entirely misunderstood by the rest of the world—is almost wholly isolated. The hero of *The Orators* resorts to political action of a fantastic sort, which necessarily fails; and he ends by "understanding" that a complete submission to Authority is the only method of reforming Authority and saving himself: "God just loves us all, *but means to be obeyed* [my italics]." It is no accident that he winds up a couple of miles of cold air away from the nearest human being, about to commit suicide in an airplane; and it is no wonder that the creator of *The Orators,* finally understanding the uselessness of his own political action in "that black year of which all the world heard"—1940 in this case—ends up *floating over 70,000 fathoms* in complete submission to that Authority Who means to be obeyed, the God of Kierkegaard and Barth. Laplace's Calculator might have predicted most of Auden's development from the last two pages of *The Orators.* (Kierkegaard's phrase about 70,000 fathoms attracts Auden so much that he adopts it as a disquieting slogan for our union with God—the only possible union, incidentally.)

In an approving summary of the existential point of view, Auden states that "the basic human problem is man's anxiety in time." In Stage II Auden's anxiety finds expression in guilty activity rather than passive guilt—it is the period of his most active (and consequently least consciously guilty) anxiety. Our decision is always *the* decision, the great dividing watershed from which events fall to Evil or to Good; the crises of existence come as regularly and hyperbolically as elections. This political, liberal anxiety is rarely even temporarily soothed—since everything went, everything always goes against the Popular Front; the accompanying moral anxiety cannot be soothed, even temporarily—since the means to the Best end is never even Good, since acting with the best will in the world is still acting, since even the purest contemplation is always on the verge of signing its eternal, predestined pact with that "Hitlerian monster," the Will.

In Stage II guilt is first of all social, liberal, moral guilt—a guilt so general as to seem almost formal. It is *we* who are responsible, either by commission or—more generally—by omission, for everything from killing-off the Tasmanians to burning the books at Alexandria. (*You didn't do it?* Then you should have stopped them from doing it. *You never heard of it?* Ignorant as well as evil, eh? *You weren't born?* You're guilty, I tell you—*guilty.*) Guilt is used to beat us into an easy but active submission, that of the voter, the signer of petitions, he who dies for freedom in the future the vote and the

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signature have prevented. Yet we are told that if we make up our minds, do anything, we are as guilty as before: for *all* will, *all* action, are evil. (From this universal secular condemnation it was easy for Auden to pass to Original Sin, the universal depravity of Calvinism.) Deep within the liberal—who feels, and usually correctly, that he *does* less than he ought—nothing calms more profoundly, alleviates more fundamentally, the anxiety always gnawing at the core of his good-heartedness, than the feeling of *group guilt*. What precarious individual acquittal can rival the *We are all guilty* that wipes out at one stroke any possible specific guilt of one's own? What proposition can express more fully and more tactfully one's own sensibility and honesty? (Look how guilty I feel over what most people wouldn't even be bothered by: most people think it's quite possible to will something or to do something without being *necessarily* guilty.) When, in early 1941, our liberal magazines were racking their brains over what to do, to think, or even to write about the war that was perhaps a crusade, and perhaps a struggle of rival imperialisms; the Russia that was perhaps Utopia, a trifle regimented, and perhaps the Companion of Hitler; the world that was, and no perhaps about it, a damnable puzzle; suddenly there was a great increase of articles about —the Negro in America. It would take a hard man to look unsympathetically at so touching and revealing a manifestation of our being.

Much of the guilt of Stage II is moral, the guilt the moralizer necessarily ascribes to his backward moralizees. But much of it is sexual. Love has come to be thought of as a guilty evasion, an escape —to excuse itself it must "implicate" itself in society, politics, the "real world." Love is a place we stop at when we should go on, a power or insight we bury selfishly and uselessly, instead of using in the social situation. It *should* be sublimated in Social Service. Eros is—at least potentially— a secular, humanitarian Agape which we have helplessly perverted. Love is a *problem*: one half of a struggle between love and duty, our moral and political duty to the world. In this contest between *public* and *private, objective* and *subjective,* Paris always dutifully awards his prize (that golden word, *Real*) to Minerva, but not without one burning backward glance. Love is "an island and therefore unreal"; both Auden and Hitler knew, in those days, that *There are no more islands.* (The *are,* in Auden's case, is not an existential but a normative judgment.) Auden's disapproval probably is grounded in society's disapproval; certainly his interminable moralizing is. If his attitudes and behavior had been ac-

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cepted by society he might have cared less about morality; as it is he always has to be right, good, well-meaning—and he becomes a moral perfectionist of a variety distantly related to the more sensational varieties of the case-histories.

In Stage II Auden feels the reluctant isolation of the liberal intellectual of the late-capitalist state—the terrible Popular Front aloneness of the Mediator who is neither fish nor fowl, but poor pink herring. He sits among the ashes of his own doubts, waiting, waiting—but nobody comes to persuade the Persuader; the only ties left to him are the pale vicarious ties of voting, of petition-signing, of "the flat ephemeral pamphlet and the boring meeting." Staring enviously at the iron orthodoxy of the Communists his allies, at the beefy certainty of the Tories his opponents, at the folkish and bloody one-ness of the Fascists his enemies, he insists, with wistful desperation, that his own isolation is inescapable for everyone in the world; that the machine has made everyone understand "the secret that was *always* [my italics] true/ But known once only to the few," the secret that "Aloneness is man's real condition." He cries in a shaky voice, "I welcome the atomization of society"; and, in speaking of Kafka's heroes, states the Law of all modern life: "An industrial civilization makes *everyone* an exceptional reflective K." (O Churchill! O Stalin! You *very* exceptional K's!) What shall I say of this enchanting error, worthy of Peter Rabbit the day he first heard from his mother of the World of Mr. McGregor? This projection upon the universe of his own self and situation, as the necessary law of that universe, is usual in Auden. . . . In Stage II his heroes are entirely alone: the false hero, the Extrinsically Successful One, wanders through the wilderness on the lonely quest that ends in an arbitrary and external success, completely misunderstood by the very public that applauds him; the real hero, the Intrinsically Successful One, potters around his garden at home, so completely alone that nobody in the world except the false hero even suspects that he is a success.

In Stage I Auden has rebelled, though guiltily, against a guilty Authority; he represents the new, potential Good rejecting the old and hardened Evil of an Authority which had itself come into power by revolting against, killing, and eating an earlier Authority (according to the Greek myths and according to Freud's myth in *Totem and Taboo*). In Stage II he tries to *reform* the Father, the State, Authority: everybody concerned has become much less guilty, and Auden's method of operation is now to persuade Authority into a recognition of its essential goodheartedness, into a reconciliation with himself and

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with the Reason which is over all things, gods and men alike. His relation to Authority is notably ambivalent—naturally so, since the relation is primarily that of Reform. A certain childishness (not too rare in young English intellectuals, who are sheltered and cherished in comparison with our own wild boys) becomes apparent in his attitudes—I remember a reviewer's talking of the "typical boyish charm" of the Auden poem of this period. Auden is managing to stay on surprisingly good terms with Authority by assuming the rôle of *enfant terrible* of the reformers—a very goodhearted and very childish one, the *enfant terrible* of the old father's long soft summer dreams. He becomes fond of saying that his favorite writers, those he would like most to *be,* are Lear, Carroll, and the author of *Peter Rabbit*—who themselves (as Auden wistfully realizes) reformed or rejected society in their ways, though not in any ways that kept them out of the nicest nurseries. (Of course much of the appeal of his statement, to Auden, lay in its shock value; but he could have dismayed his readers quite as heartily by telling them that his favorite writers were Tarski and Frege. His admiration was genuine and even predictable.)

In Stage II Auden nourishes a residual, partially perverse affection for any maladjustment to authority, for any complex or neurosis his development may have left lying around in him: after all, Authority itself, in the process of reform, has to get adjusted to poor ill-adjusted me. He feels an uneasy but thorough dislike for that "goddess of bossy underlings, Normality," and all the nursery schools and feeding-formulas that follow in her train; he betrays an astonishing repugnance to such concomitants of Progress as antisepsis and central heating, prays *Preserve me from the Shape of Things to Be,* and invents as *his* educational slogan: "Let each child have that's in our care/As much neurosis as the child can bear." All this corresponds to the petulance with which Alice, an eminently reasonable child, greeted any divergence of Wonderland from one's own household's routine—which *is* Reason.

In Stage III Auden repudiates with fear and repulsion any attempt to revolt against Authority, to reform Authority, to question Authority, or to remain separate from Authority in any way. Such an attempt is an insane depravity that is the root of all sin. He knows that (as Kierkegaard puts it in his wonderful, if unintentional, eight-word summary of Calvinism) *the only thing which interests God is obedience.* This is lucky: it is all He gets. But Auden is no Calvin—no logician, either—and tactfully overlooks any direct hand of the Creator in the creature's guilt. The only responsibility that Auden, as

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a representative neurotic theologian, does not thankfully push over on to God is the responsibility for his own guilty depravity; *that* he is responsible for, he confesses—with the abject, appealing leer of Peter Lorre in *M*—but everything else in the universe God is responsible for. This satisfies at one stroke Auden's anxiety—he is assured that he can and should do nothing himself; his need for guilt and his need to be reconciled to that guilt; and his need of an inexorable and unconditioned Authority.

When we have constructed God as the Wholly Other than ourselves, the wholly evil; when we have decreed that the image of God has been "wholly blotted out" in man by the Fall, we naturally find the problem of mediation between the Wholly Other and what it is wholly other than, a logically insoluble problem. We *require*—that is, we have made ourselves require—a self-contradictory, paradoxical, absurd mediator. Authority is now considered to be absolutely unconditioned, at once the Everything and the Not-Everything: shall *we* attempt to depose or limit God by demanding that he accord with our morality, our reason, our anything? The demands of Authority are equally unconditioned: but our own troubling actual existence wholly disappears in our believing, vicarious identification with Authority. Fortunate circumstances! since that existence is wholly evil: "In every good work the just man sins." In every act we "do/Evil as each creature does/In every definite decision/To improve; for even in/The germ-cell's primary division/Innocence is lost and Sin,/Already given as a fact,/Once more issues as an act." If Luther had only known about that germ-cell's primary division! The advances of Science almost have enabled Auden to beat Luther and Calvin at their own game. But then they were handicapped by taking it so much more *seriously*. The later Auden is rarely serious: he is either solemn or ingeniously frivolous, like some massive and labyrinthine town-clock from which a corked Topsy and a gilt Eva somersault to mark the hours of Time, but from which Uncle Tom himself, rattling the keys and surrounded by the flames of Judgment, emerges to herald the advent of Eternity.

The Buddha said that he taught nothing but suffering and the escape from suffering; Auden today could say that he teaches nothing but guilt, *which is* the escape from guilt. To be able to spend his time feeling guilty over the primary fission of the germ-cell instead of over that primary fission of the atom which produced in a few minutes half a million casualties—what a God-sent mercy this ability is to Auden, what a final expression of the depths and necessities of his

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being! What escape from responsibility or from guilt can equal this responsibility, this guilt? And, after all, is not the death of these poor guilty creatures (damned as they were by their lack of any connection with God through that one Mediator, Christ) only one more relatively unimportant effect of the germ-cell's division, that primary actualization of the *fact* of the first Fall—the Fall which has transformed every succeeding action of man into a guilty horror? How unimportant these inevitably trivial secular issues must seem to us to whom God has brought it home that there is only *one* issue: the obedience of the guilty soul to God, the soul's salvation by the grace of God.

Over and over Auden attacks every "good" act, every attempt to "improve." He reiterates that "it is not enough to bear witness [*i.e.*, to be a martyr] for even protest is wrong." He writes, with that overweening humility which is the badge of all his saints, the humility of Luther, Calvin, Kierkegaard and Barth:

> *Convict our pride of its offense*
> *In all things, even penitence.*

So far as his penitence, so far as all (theological) things are concerned, it is hard to put up more than a token resistance to his contention. When we look at the world around us and within us, and then think of a statement like Niebuhr's, that only rebellion against God "is sin in the strictest sense of the word," how bitter it is not to be allowed to include that theology itself within the category of *sin, in the strictest sense of the word.* But I am applying ethical concepts to a realm in which, as the most casual witness must have observed, all ethics is suspended.

Auden first slipped into this dark realm of Faerie (this "horrible nightmare," as the goaded Froude confessed) on the furtive excursions of the unbeliever who needs some faked photographs of the Little People for use as illustrations to a new edition of *Peter Pan,* but who ends up as a cook's boy helping the gloomier dwarfs boil toads and snails for the love-feast that celebrates the consummation of their mysteries. Thus in *New Year Letter* many things are used as mere metaphors or conceits which a few months later are accepted as dogmatic and eternal truths. For instance, the status of the Devil (who has "no positive existence," but who nonetheless perpetually pushes us over into Good) is still exactly that of A. A. Milne's bears which eat you if you step on the cracks in the pavement—lovable hypostatized fictions of the pragmatic moralist. But I have no doubt that Milne, after a few years of avoiding cracks, sometimes woke screaming

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from a recurrent dream of being swallowed by a bear; and Auden of course lives in such a dream.

In Stage III Auden no longer feels so much anxiety about sexuality, after he has filed it away under Religion: even its guilt is drowned in the guilt of that universal depravity which has rolled its black flood over every human action. And Eros, considered as the not-yet-mutated Agape into which Agape is continually relapsing, has gained a new respectability: it is Grandmother, who was not everything she might have been, but who left us all the money for the Asylum. Sexuality is now no more than a relatively minor aspect of our religious life. Auden explains, in a summary of Kierkegaard, that for the individual once exposed to Christianity—whether or not he believes—there are only three possibilities: marriage, celibacy or despair. Now all three of these possibilities are religious states, relations which involve both man and God: sexuality is swallowed up in salvation—or, at worst, in damnation. I'm not sure which of these possibilities Auden thinks of as his own state; probably he, as usual, considers all three "aspects of one Reality," and thus can credit himself with one-third of each. (This is an absurd but not impossible joke: Auden's favorite method of mediating between absolute irreconcilables is to declare them "merely aspects" of one reality, a "reality" that turns out to be as self-contradictory, paradoxical and unsearchable as the ways of God.)

In Stage III Auden is completely alone, but the knowledge of his isolation is not a burden but a blessing: he knows that we have always been alone, will always be alone, except in our paradoxical, absurd union with the Wholly Other, God; and he knows that he is fortunate not to be blinded by illusions of any impossible union with the creatures rather than with their Creator. Our isolation is the complete aloneness of the man who stands for every minute of his life, in fear and trembling and abject dread, before his God. One could describe this isolation with authoritative immediacy by paraphrasing the many pages of Kierkegaard and Kafka from which Auden derives both the spirit and the letter of his treatment. Few of the ideas of Auden's last stage have the slightest novelty to a reader acquainted with Luther, Calvin and Barth; even the expression of the ideas has no novelty to the reader familiar with Kierkegaard and Kafka. But this is a Godsend for everybody concerned, since the theological ideas which Auden does not adopt but invents are all too often on the level of those brown paper parcels, brought secretly to the War Department in times of national emergency, which turn out to be full of plans to

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destroy enemy submarines by tracking them down with seals.

A more radical anxiety has transformed the solutions of Stage II into *what we are anxious about* in Stage III: we are resignedly, humbly, interminably anxious about everything but God. What is not anxious *is* God, His Grace; though even that is agonizingly conscious, every instant, of those 70,000 fathoms over which it is precariously floating, trying desperately not even to wiggle its toes. What we are most anxious about is our anxiety itself: the greatest of all sins, Auden learns from Kafka, is impatience—and he decides that the hero "is, in fact, one who is not anxious." But it was inevitable that Auden should arrive at this point. His anxiety is fundamental; and the one thing that anxiety cannot do is to accept itself, to do nothing about itself—consequently it admires more than anything else in the world doing nothing, sitting still, waiting.

In Stages I and II *success* is important as the opposite of (hence, the goal of) the organism's core of anxiety, guilt, and isolation; in Auden's last stage success is naturally replaced by salvation, since Auden is running the Time-Machine in reverse, exhibiting the familiar development of Western man backwards. In Stage I success is something we are struggling for, developing into; it is unsatisfactory except as a goal—attained, it is seen as the failure away from which we struggle, back to which we regress. The Successful One is the revolutionary cult-leader who dies, the evolving qualitative leap that is in its turn superseded.

In Stage II success splits into extrinsic and intrinsic success. Extrinsic success is altogether externalized, something we earn by the external, arbitrary process of choosing, voting, making the lucky guess predestined to success. This extrinsic success is nothing more than the lucky charm, the Sacred Object of the fairy-tale quests—which you can have but never, alas! be. (Auden, spectacularly—and, to himself, guiltily—successful, realizes without any trouble that something is all wrong with this sort of extrinsic success, that not one thing is solved for him by it.) The Extrinsically Successful One is understood, forgivingly but rather contemptuously, to be a pathetic sham. Intrinsic success is entirely internalized, introjected: its humble, commonplace and apparently wholly unsuccessful Successful One is all being and no doing. His success is, precisely, salvation without God, a secular salvation that seems necessarily and fatally incomplete without the divine ground from which it sprang. This intrinsic success is humble enough for Authority not to punish it except by a complete lack of recognition.

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In Stage III success (always unconsciously feared and distrusted because of its element of revolt, independence, separateness) is seen to be impossible. Intrinsic success becomes religious salvation, Grace—and its passivity and determinism come to seem less arbitrary; extrinsic success is realized to be one of the more important varieties of sin, a variety particularly characteristic of scientific, industrial, secular man. Influenced by Kafka's meditation on psychoanalysis, Auden states that "half our troubles, both individual neuroses and collective manias like nationalism, seem to me to be caused largely by our poverty of symbols, so that not only do we fail to relate one experience to another but also we have to entrust our whole emotional life to the few symbols we do have." (This was written not by other people about Auden, but by Auden about them.) Now it is true, in Auden's case, that the great organizing symbols, the determiners of his development, are few; but he is perfectly well able to relate *any* experience to any other experience, since the relation can be as superficial and paradoxical—as absurd—as he pleases. It is this which makes it so difficult for him to *learn* anything in the full sense of the word: when we learn and assert A we cannot continue to assert not-A; but this Auden not only does, but knows that he is required to do—not to do so, as he states again and again, is a great sin, that sin by which Adam fell: "He could only eat of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil by forgetting that its existence was a fiction of the Evil One, that there is only the Tree of Life." Nothing is good or bad but thinking makes it so (*i.e.,* makes it *seem* so): this is an old song—there is a beautiful version of it in Herodotus—but it is rare to find it utilized in just this way by the religious. Statements important to Auden often end with *there is only ONE Something-or-other,* since there is nothing he adores so extravagantly as monism, nothing he fears so superstitiously as dualism; yet his rhetorical monism invariably flowers from an absolute dualism that he has stated only to transcend. The whole theological tradition Auden comes at the tail of is essentially a series of adaptations of the dualism of Paul; and as Auden—with the simplicity of genius—has understood, the only practical and effective way of transforming it into monism is to *state that it has already been transformed.* This Auden has done.

The stages of Auden's development can even be diagrammed. In Stage I Anxiety and Guilt are fused in an isolated sexual core, consciously repelling or cowering under (and unconsciously attracting or yearning up to) the Authority that hangs in menacing ambivalence just overhead. In Stage II an active Anxiety dominates this core; it has

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pushed Sexuality to the side as far as it can, and attempts rather unsuccessfully to mitigate its confessed Guilt and Isolation by *reforming* the Authority it pulls down to it in Auden's traditional Jacob-and-the-angel wrestling match. But in Stage III Anxiety, Guilt and Isolation are themselves the *relations* of Authority to the core; they *are* Grace (its mirror-image, as Auden puts it), the means by which Authority is manipulating the core into salvation. (Sexuality, mutated into Agape, is itself floating somewhere up near God.) The reader may complain about my last diagram: "But what is left to be the core?" That is the point I was making: there is nothing left. The one thing the Christian must realize is that he is "less than any of God's creatures," that he is swallowed up in Authority, the wholly determining Authority of God.

This was early plain to Auden: about New Year, 1940, he disapprovingly judged that the Calvinist tradition makes man "the passive instrument of daemonic powers"; but by the anniversary of this date, in the *Nation* of January 4, 1941, he is giving the theologian Niebuhr (who in Cromwell's time would undoubtedly have been named Death-on-Pride Niebuhr) a little neo-Calvinist lecture *à la* Kierkegaard: he is "not sure" that Niebuhr "is sufficiently *ashamed* [*my* italics]," mourns over Niebuhr's "orthodoxy," and ends by threateningly demanding that Niebuhr decide once and for all "whether he believes that the contemplative life is the highest and most exhausting of vocations, or not." Just so, in late 1939, months and months before, he had complained that the doctrines of the theologian MacMurray are distorted by his "determination to believe in the existence of God," and had suggested that those doctrines would lose little—and, obviously, gain a lot—if expressed as Auden expressed them: "Man is aware that his actions do not express his real nature. God is a term for what he imagines that nature to be. Thus man is always making God in his own image." (In a little over a year he is sure that God is the Wholly Other.) Those years were fun for Auden, but death for the theologians.

But I am being drawn into theology and the article which will follow the present one: a discussion of the effect on Auden's ideology of Freud, Marx, Paul, Luther, Calvin, Kierkegaard, Kafka, Barth and Niebuhr.

III.

After observing in Auden this permanent anxiety, guilt, and isolation, adhered to with unchanging firmness in every stage of his

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development, justified for different reasons in every stage, we cannot fail to see that these "reasons" are reinforcing rationalizations of the related attitudes which, not even rationally considered—much less understood—have been for Auden a core impervious to any change.

They form a core that Auden has scarcely attempted to change. He is fond of the statement *Freedom is the recognition of necessity,* but he has never recognized what it means in his own case: that if he understands certain of his own attitudes as *causally* instead of logically necessary—insofar as they are attitudes produced by and special to his own training and culture—he can free himself from them. But this Auden, like most people, is particularly unwilling to understand. He is willing to devote all his energies and talents to finding the most novel, ingenious or absurd rationalizations of the cluster of irrational attitudes he has inherited from a former self; the cluster, the self, he does not question, but instead projects upon the universe as part of the essential structure of that universe. If the attitudes are contradictory or logically absurd there, he saves them by taking Kierkegaard's position that everything really important is above logical necessity, is necessarily absurd. In the end he submits to the universe without a question; but it turns out that the universe is his own shadow on the wall beside his bed.

Let me make this plain with a quotation. On the first page of the *New York Times Book Review* of November 12, 1944, there appeared a review of the new edition of *Grimm's Tales*—a heartfelt and moral review which concluded with this sentence: "So let everyone read these stories till they know them backward and tell them to their children with embellishments—they are not sacred texts—and then, in a few years, the Society for the Scientific Diet, the Association of Positivist Parents, the League for the Promotion of Worthwhile Leisure, the Coöperative Camp for Prudent Progressives and all other bores and scoundrels can go jump in the lake."

Such a sentence shows that its writer has saved his own soul, but has lost the whole world—has forgotten even the nature of that world: for this was written not in 1913, but within the months that held the mass-executions in the German camps, the fire-raids, Warsaw and Dresden and Manila; within the months that were preparing the bombs for Hiroshima and Nagasaki; within the last twelve months of the Second World War.

The logical absurdity of the advice does not matter, though it could hardly be more apparent: people *have* been telling the tales to their children for many hundreds of years now (does Auden suppose

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that the S. S. men at Lublin and Birkenau had not been told the tales by their parents?); the secular world Auden detests has been produced by the *Märchen* he idealizes and misunderstands, along with a thousand other causes—so it could not be changed "in a few years" by one of the causes that have made it what it is. But the moral absurdity of the advice—I should say its moral imbecility—does matter. In the year 1944 these prudent, progressive, scientific, coöperative "bores and scoundrels" were the enemies with whom Auden found it necessary to struggle. Were *these* your enemies, reader? They were not mine.

Such mistaken extravagance in Auden is the blindness of salvation, a hysterical blindness to his actual enemies (by no means such safe enemies as the Prudent Progressives) and to the actual world. But it is hard for us to learn *anything*. When the people of the world of the future—if there are people in that world—say to us—if some of us are there: "What did you do in all those wars?" those of us left can give the old, the only answer: "I lived through them." But some of us will answer, "I was saved."

(*This essay by Randall Jarrell is a section from a longer study of Auden. Another section will appear in* PARTISAN REVIEW *in the near future.*)

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From the Capitals of Europe

ROME LETTER

PEOPLE HERE are incurable optimists in believing they personally will be able to escape the next war, that it will strike the following generation maybe, but that "we" will get off. Like conversation about funerals, this chatter about "the next war" really masks another and much more indefinite uneasiness—an uneasiness which most of the people who do the talking are not able to define precisely for themselves. It's the sense that the end of the War has not brought Europe one step further towards the solution of its problems. And now beside all the repressions, inertias and contradictions of centuries that projected these peoples, already defeated, into war, and made the War itself a struggle between anachronisms, the politics of Europe will be further chained to the conditions of universal destitution and want the bomber and the cannon have left behind them. "On the basis of need," Marx says, "all the old crap revives;" and in this case the old crap can also count on the shelter and blessing of the Allies.

This disappointment and emptiness after the German surrender perhaps came out of the suffering and tenseness of last winter and spring. During the eleven months between the Allied entry into Rome and the final liberation of the North, and especially during last winter, the prices of food for Italians began to mean starvation, fuel was non-existent, the black market was in full swing, and the troops returning from the front on leave brought the habits of the front-line back into the city with them. Walking about at night, even when you didn't leave the main streets, you had to keep stepping over the long ribbons of piss on the sidewalks. Gradually one's nostrils got used to it: it was the right smell for this War. Meanwhile, war refugees were almost doubling the population of the city, housing was scarce, and people were camping out in the ruins of the Forum. The juxtapositions of poverty and riches were like cross-cuttings out of the early Russian films: during the coldest weather barefooted children stood whimpering outside the Grand Hotel, while inside in a silk-lined room the Italian rentiers ate their simple meals for about ten dollars a person. Gradually one learned to distinguish the classes of well-fed faces. The seamy and seedy faces of the "Princes of the Black Market," the new class of millionaires riding to the top on the inflation and the skyrocketing prices, at table in certain nightspots, horribly overstuffing, really looking their rapacious roles as the adventurous

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scum of Roman society. Or the florid faces of the Roman priests, who, in the midst of a tremendous shortage of soap and razor blades, always went about with the rosy, well-tonsured ecclesiastical skin. In Rome one very quickly gets a sixth sense for the social meaning of this institution which has weighed on the back of the Italian people for centuries.

The corruption went down through the whole society to the very young, whom it probably struck the worst. The prostitution of the city was divided into respective American and British spheres of influence, the decisive factor being always the greater spending power of the Americans. Strange cases, rarer among the Italians than with us, began to appear: after arresting a 15 year old boy dressed as a girl, who had been following the British troops, the following week the Military Police had to arrest a girl of the same age dressed as a boy. (Her name, appropriately, Albertina.) The ragged kids in the street became the delegated agents of the black market, organized throughout the whole city like something out of Gide's *Counterfeiters*, following the soldiers to buy up cigarettes, candy, jackets or whatever the soldier had to sell in order to raise some money for his last drunk on leave. There is the story of two of these kids who actually bought a drunken Negro soldier from his friend for 1200 Lire (12 dollars), then took him out, still drunk and amiable, to the Palatine, stripped him of his clothes, and left him there. The stories, in fact, are almost endless.

Such was the real accompaniment, the social ground-base, to the comic political aria of the Bonomi government. Now in retrospect that government seems to have been even too trivial for opera buffa.

At the moment of writing, the political "crisis", which began with the liberation of the North, seems to be resolved by the formation of a new government. I speak of "crisis" with tongue in cheek because so long as the Allies are here in anything like their present force, it's difficult not to think of the political actions of the Italians as trivial. Up to now, and especially as long as the War went on, the politics of Italy was bound captive to the triumphal chariot of war of the Allies, while from now on on the economy will be tied even more drastically to the strings of American finance capital. I have lately, in fact, been in a rather favored position for observing this latter process. Italian capitalists who are beginning to reconstruct their plants would like to incorporate themselves in some way under American firms: in exchange for the latest patents and equipment from Dupont, the chemical firm of Montecatini (I choose, naturally, two perfectly arbitrary examples) repays with a certain amount of stock and at the same time secures military protection against any possible depredations of revolution upon American property. The industrialists of Milan have already expressed their wish to certain Allied officials that the occupying troops continue here for another two years. Probably no condition could be less auspicious for revolution than one

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in which the material and industrial plant of a nation has been destroyed and all the old social forms left intact,—at any rate in a country like Italy that depends on foreign stuffs to keep its industries going. A socialist revolution, if it took over, could not possibly operate the economy, whereas the people who alone would be able to secure the necessary foreign materials and capital are precisely those who hold all the bona fides of the old social structure. (At this moment I am told, for example, that there is hardly a ton of coal left in all of Northern Italy.) Any attempt to shake up the old class structures in any fundamental way could thus be promptly starved out by the powers of foreign capital.

Nor have any of the political parties shown themselves particularly capable of carrying out a program that would escape being trivial. There is not, in fact, any such thing as a really radical party in existence here. The political journalism, while extremely articulate theoretically, is just as equally retarded in social consciousness and revolutionary preparation. The day after Roosevelt's death, *Avanti!*, the organ of the Socialist party, printed an article calling him "The Man of the Century,"—this from a party that claims to speak for the Left! More pathetic even is the fact that there is no articulate anti-Stalinism from the Left, there is not even a real understanding of Stalinism. One must remember that the Italians who remained here under Fascism lived outside the whole drama of the 'Thirties' (which may, incidentally, have been, grimy as it was, a much better school than we thought): the significance of the Moscow trials, the collapse of the Popular Front, the war in Spain,—all came to them from that outside world to which, because they were Italians living under Fascism, no matter how much they did not believe in Mussolini, they did not belong. They had enough anti-Russian facts given to them, but these came with the wrappings of Fascist propaganda, so that the unconscious somehow rebelled also against the facts.

Hence, there is obvious excuse for the Socialist party line of collaboration with the Communists. At this particular historical juncture the Italian working class (which in the North is one of the best prepared in all Europe) would be completely confused and demoralized by a program of anti-Stalinism from the Left. If Liberal intellectuals in America during the '30s made amalgamations (any anti-Stalinist was a red baiter and a Hearst hireling), how can the relatively uncultured populace, amid the confusions and tensions of the present European situation, be expected to avoid them: for them a Communist Party is by its very name Marxist, red, Left, and they would be unable to understand the intricate manoeuvers by which in the field of international politics the U.S.S.R. can actually further reaction. European socialists are now compelled to be conciliatory with Stalinism—though the final result of the conciliation will probably be that they will die in the embrace of fraternity.

Yes, the new cabinet is something of a victory, if a modest one, for

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the Left, which, if it did not come to power, managed this time not to be swindled out of all the better posts. One advantage was that the struggle of the conservative elements against the Left pushed the Democratic Christian Party into the open as a really classical type of clerical reaction. Previous to the "crisis," this Party had a reputedly left wing, which exhibited a certain amount of friendship towards the socialists and which also made much of a cagey address by the Pope that could be interpreted —if the victory lay that way—as being for collectivism in certain industries. (What a boy scout, this Pope! Always prepared! A week after the German surrender, he actually had a speech ready condemning Nazism, and *mentioning it by name!*) Now the battlelines are fairly sharply drawn between the Liberal Party (which represents more or less the big bourgeoisie), on the one hand, and the Socialists and Communists, on the other. The Action Party, which was called into the breach to overcome the deadlock between these two groups, seems definitely to lean towards the Left, at least at the present turn of events. The political situation has developed to a point at which it seems possible to offer some prediction as to what lies in the cards for Italy: failing a miracle, or a coup d'êtat from Downing Street, the monarchy will go; to be succeeded by a Republic of the Left, though this does not in the least mean socialism. The Socialist Party would probably be as frightened as anybody else of socialism and does not really aspire much beyond William Beveridge (on whom various laudatory articles appear from time to time in *Avanti!*) There seems to me, however, a real danger that in a general popular vote the Demochristian Party may be able, through the always powerful influence of the clergy, to manoeuvre itself into power. Such an eventuality would not only be a political tragedy for Italy, but would also mean the end to every artistic and literary movement with any real promise, since with the Demochristians a reign of clerical totalitarianism over the whole cultural life would inevitably be ushered in.

The cultural life of the city, in its vitality and volume, has pulled itself up miraculously by its bootstraps ahead of political and social conditions. As a foreigner, one was introduced into this life through the part almost absorbed into the world of the Allies: the Opera, which during the winter and spring season belonged to the troops because they were the only people with money enough to afford the prices, and because they in the end dictated the quality and choice of performances. The Opera was promoted by the Red Cross, it was something for the soldiers to do while on leave in Rome, and many of them were in fact seeing their first opera. The management never had a worry about filling the house, so that only the old chestnuts were given and usually with the most mediocre of casts. In these last few years, Italy has produced no new great voice, which, in a nation always so devoted to vocal music, may be a serious index of failing vitality. Only a traditional sense for the

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staging of Opera brought the general level of performances above the New York Met. The Ballet, which belonged to British Army Education, was the same story, only more so, except for a very ingratiating prima ballerina, Attilia Radice, who may appear in New York next year.

One step beyond the world of the Allies, who were cut off from it by the barrier of language, the Theatre also had a busy, if not memorable, season. Here the corrupting force was not the presence of the troops, but of the nouveaux riches, the black marketeers, who were attending theatres for the first time, and also probably the inertia of the habits of the theatre under Fascism, when it had tended toward pure "divertimento." The result was a season of reviews, French boudoir comedy and 19th century French romantic comedy. Nevertheless, the Italian theatrical tradition (the oldest in modern Europe) for excellent acting performance did manage to assert itself, and in the biggest success of the season, an Italian version of Jean Cocteau's *Parents Terrible,* one experienced a kind of performance which could never see the footlights of Broadway.

When one comes to writing, the situation becomes at once more articulate, and the forces at work explicit. One begins to see the difficulty of bringing back into the international family a mentality (however admirable, honest or struggling to be honest, and in principle anti-fascist) that after living 25 years under Fascism has lost the sense of the international audience, the sense of being in the main stream, without which no literature with any claim to being really modern can be produced. The Italians who stayed at home under the dictatorship are not yet fully aware of the degree to which Fascism permeated areas of culture that seemed apolitical. It pleased Mussolini to imagine himself in the role of a Renaissance pope as a patron of learning and the arts, and under Fascism literary men were in many ways a pampered group; there was a tremendous amount of publishing, of translation, of good printing, but the atmosphere of free discussion, the breath of life to him, was denied the writer: and his work, if he himself was not to compromise completely, was driven into ever narrower and narrower channels.

Despite this great stretch of territory to be reconquered, it's encouraging to see that a lot of publishing is being done. Most of it is the smaller kind, reviews and periodicals, for which a good many younger people are writing. So far as I know, no notable new individual talent has as yet detached itself, but the assumption that such activity is a sign of promise is not altogether unfounded on past experience, though, here as elsewhere, the promise hangs upon the question whether Italy will be able to realize its democratic possibilities as a small nation. In fact, the conflict and resentment—sometimes disguised, but just as often quite aboveboard—between the returning exiles and those who survived at home may in its own way contribute to some healthy stimulation. Ignazio Silone is back, to meet with a very mixed reaction, dictated in large part by these unfortunate and extraliterary motives, as well as by

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the real inability to comprehend the importance of his subject-matter for the intellectual history of the '30s. Unfortunately, his play, *Ed Egli Si Nascose,* an unsuccessful attempt to pay its way on old capital, gave the conspiracy of his detractors something to work on. Silone's energies are now being absorbed to a great extent by political activity; his future as a writer will depend upon whether he can re-establish contact with the Italian people, whether, that is, there will be a life here to which he can belong. Certainly, the personal impression of Silone the man (if such impressions tell anything about the writer) is one to inspire extraordinary confidence that he has great things left in him.

Among the writers who stayed here under Fascism the two most prominent names seem to be the prose-writers, Alberto Moravia and Corrado Alvaro. Moravia was introduced to the English public many years ago by Aldous Huxley, but he never caught on, and I rather doubt that the work of either Moravia or Alvaro would now be of very great interest abroad, except as a case study of the narrow channels into which talented writers were driven by Fascism in order to avoid any possible political content. Moravia's talent has, in fact, a certain affinity with Huxley's, the same brilliant facility and the same brittle unsubstantiality. Alvaro, although the older of the pair, may yet be less exhausted as a writer. He is now writing a novel dealing with Italian life under the Regime, which he knows intimately, and, possibly, the advent of freedom in Italy may mean a renovation for him. He has at least risen to the point of saying that his 25 years under Fascism were wasted as a writer, which is something of a good augury for the future.

In the plastic arts there is even more activity and perhaps more promise of a real revival too, both because of Italy's inherited traditions in this field, and because probably less intellectual reconstruction after the ravages of Fascism will be required for serious painting than for serious literature. Of names known in America, Giorgio De Chirico —now as an artist bankrupt and corrupt, but, fortunately, with very little influence on the younger painters,—and Leonor Fini, the surrealist, have both given recent exhibitions. Fini provides another example, this time in painting, of the exquisite female temperament that we already know in the literature of England and America: in her polish, precision, melodramatic contrasts of skulls and flowers, her taste for the fragile macabre, and in her sentimentality, a kind of Elizabeth Bowen on canvas. Like most surrealist painting, however, the pictorial and technical values are retrograde and reactionary, and, in her case, actually accompanied by a critical program of return to the 18th century. This renunciation of modern painting since Manet is not only being cried up by the nostalgic and reactionary, like De Chirico and Fini, who want a return to the techniques and styles of the 17th and 18th centuries, but also, from the other quarter of the compass, by the Communist intellectuals, who are now clamoring for a "realist art." The question of "social realism" in art is, in fact, the polemic of the moment, and Silone has found

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it necessary to step into the debate with the declaration that socialism, which stands for all human freedoms, must also defend the complete freedom of the artist. At a debate recently, listening to a Communist speaker condemn futurism, cubism, abstract art, en bloc (as if they all had equal value artistically) as "ivory tower art," for a moment I could imagine I was somewhere around Union Square in 1931 hearing about "proletarian art." In this as in other things, Italy, after the long sleep of Fascism , may have to go through the cultural struggles that were fought out elsewhere ten or fifteen years ago.

Much more important than De Chirico or Fini, is the painter Giorgio Morandi, unfortunately almost unknown in America, though by general testimony the greatest of living Italian painters. Morandi's work, extremely deceptive at first glance, appearing like a limited and scarcely original derivative from Cezanne, reveals its importance, its modest and massive originality, only after continual looking. In a sense, having developed relatively free from the currents of modern art—never having gone, for example, to Paris—Morandi exhibits a kind of peasant stubbornness and solidity in his development. Having found a certain corner in Cezanne, he has quarried this over and over again, always in the direction of greater simplification and abstractness, finally emerging with something triumphantly original. What confirms the genuineness of this development is that his painting, having developed more or less in isolation, brings Italy back into the main current of modern art.

He may very well be the starting point for a new renaissance in Italian painting. Certainly the number of young men now active, both in their numbers and quality, look interesting enough to give one some ground for this hope. And Italy has always had an odd and unpredictable vitality for such revivals—and perhaps most of all now when so many obstacles and pitfalls lie in the way.

The big thing that's happened meanwhile in Italian politics is the Labor victory in England (we've reached the stage when there's no longer such a thing as purely internal politics, when an election in one state is an immediate datum within the political field of another)—though nobody knows now what this victory will mean for Italy. The experience of the previous Labor government in Britain doesn't reassure us too much, and even the simplest Marxist experience would caution us that the present Labor government, unless able to force through fundamental social changes, will be whirled willynilly into the old orbit of British Imperial politics. Thus did the Italian conservative press receive news of the victory, commenting drily that British interests will remain British interests notwithstanding. Perhaps so in the long run, but I think the elections will make an immediate difference in Italy, where British politics have so definitely borne the stamp of Churchill's personality and the tory temper, and where the Allied Commission has

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been packed with old-line colonial British types, young old and middle aged Blimps, Empire men exhumed miraculously from mummification in the days of Disraeli and Gladstone. At least these British have been dreadfully dashed about the ingratitude of the whole thing. If Labor is going to follow any new line with Italy, it's got a tremendous job on its hands just to clean out the augean stables of the AC, something that can't be done in a day, and may be one of those things you never get around to in time.

What's been happening, and with ever increasing tempo, is that the manoeuvres of the British—and the Americans have been following them like sheep—have been driving the Italian masses further into the arms of the Russians. This seems to be particularly true up north, where I've not yet been but of which I've had some very good first hand reports, and in Rome I've been able to see more or less from the inside the same thing happening on a smaller scale. It's hard to know how active the Russians are being through all this, but it looks as if they don't have to do much but sit and wait while the busy bungling British shake the ripe fruit into their laps. Unmoved movers. Russia is now the reservoir into which the general popular discontent is drained off and channeled as Stalinism, because there's been no other adequate leadership to tap the popular unrest. If nothing else, the Labor victory was at least a tremendous psychological shot in the arm for the Italian Socialist Party, which had been giving a wonderful imitation of a man dying on his feet with nothing much to live for. Now the Socialists have discovered that life is worth living after all: they can aspire to be like the British Labor Party! "We can now look to western Europe instead of the East," one Socialist told me. However the Party is still honeycombed with Stalinists who have infiltrated under the orders of the Communist Party, and there is a hard row to hoe before the Socialists get on their feet as an independent party of the Left.

The Communists may stand to lose some following by the campaign they are conducting to give Trieste away to Tito. At first sight this looks like a confusing bit of skulduggery on Moscow's part: why discriminate between their Jugoslav and Italian followings? That the orders are from Moscow, no one doubts, because nothing but the influence of a higher authority would explain the remarkable coordination between Tito's aggressiveness in seeking Trieste and the willingness of the Italian Communists to spread a mat of welcome for him. Stalin's game of chess may not be so difficult to fathom. Tito hasn't all the popular support he appears to, he needs Trieste as a bright jewel to offer the Jugoslavs, who are enjoying right now a wave of slavic nationalism as intense as that of the Russians, and would be enchanted at the idea of national expansion. The Stalin policy always works in piecemeal fashion, one unit after the other, and the Russian agenda right now lists first the construction of a solid bloc of the slavic states, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia,

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Bulgaria. Panslavism is now the immediate weapon of Russian foreign policy, and the western European communist parties will be expected to string along, cutting off whatever sacrificial arms or legs are demanded.

All circumstances considered, the Parri government has been acquitting itself as well as could be hoped. Parri himself is a figure to be respected, and he still has a hold on the popular admiration, even though some of the reactionary press has begun sniping at him. But his task looks hopeless, the political wheels can be made to turn only for so long when the economic gears are smashed or out of mesh. The other day I read Ickes's statement that 6,000,000 tons of American coal would have to be sent to Europe this winter to avert "chaos". The coal situation I knew about months ago, and have spoken about it above, but this statement was interesting as the first indication of what will be the American policy for Europe. We are now about to embark on a policy of pump-priming for Europe: pour enough capital into the European economy to get the old patched-up capitalist mechanism turning again. Don't forget that with all the news of mass demonstrations, mass partisan movements, general strikes and so on filling the papers, there are still a lot of capitalists lurking about Europe, a little bit frightened perhaps, more than a little bit tarred with the brush of collaboration and fascism, but still casting deer-like glances of timid hope towards America for the stuff that will set them up again, start their factories humming, so that the workers, coming back to their jobs will forget everything that's happened during the last six years, like a bad dream. But pump-priming in Europe may not work any better than pump-priming back home, and the peoples of Europe may gravitate away from it even more sharply towards Russia. Nobody likes a handout which outrages at the same time all his aspirations towards dignity and self-respect. Lend a man money and make an enemy of him is an old piece of wisdom some of us learned personally during the depression years of '29-'39.

MOSES BROWN

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LONDON LETTER

Dear Editors,

I HAVE PUT off starting this letter until today, hoping that some unmistakeable symptom might indicate what the Labor government intends doing. However, nothing very revealing has happened up to date, and I can discuss the situation only in general terms. In order to see what the Labor Party is up against, one has to consider the background against which it won its victory.

It is fashionable to say that all the causes we fought for have been defeated, but this seems to me a gross exaggeration. The fact that after six years of war we can hold a general election in a quite orderly way, and throw out a Prime Minister who has enjoyed almost dictatorial powers, shows that we *have* gained something by not losing the war. But still the general outlook is black enough. Western Europe is mostly on the verge of starvation. Throughout eastern Europe there is a "revolution from above," imposed by the Russians, which probably benefits the poorer peasants but kills in advance any possibility of democratic Socialism. Between the two zones there is an impenetrable barrier which runs slap across economic frontiers. Germany, already devastated to an extent that people in this country can't imagine, is to be plundered more efficiently than after Versailles, and some twelve million of its population are to be evicted from their homes. Everywhere there is indescribable confusion, mix-up of populations, destruction of dwelling-houses, bridges and railway tracks, flooding of coal mines, shortage of every kind of necessity, and lack of transport to distribute even such goods as exist. In the Far East hundreds of thousands of people, if the reports are truthful, have been blown to fragments by atomic bombs, and the Russians are getting ready to bite another chunk off the carcass of China. In India, Palestine, Persia, Egypt and other countries, troubles that the average person in England has not even heard of are just about ready to boil over.

And Britain's own situation is none too rosy. We have lost most of our markets and overseas investments, twelve million tons of our shipping have gone to the bottom, much of our industry is hopelessly antiquated, and our coal mines are in such a state that for years it will be impossible to get enough coal out of them. We have ahead of us the enormous job of reconstructing industry and recapturing markets in the teeth of overwhelming competition from the USA, and at the same time we have to

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build millions of houses and to keep up armed forces larger than we can afford in order to hold on to our precarious supplies of oil. No one, I think, expects the next few years to be easy ones, but on the whole people did vote Labor because of the belief that a Left government means family allowances, higher old age pensions, houses with bathrooms, etc., rather than from any internationalist consideration. They look to a Labor government to make them more secure and, after a few years, more confortable, and the chief danger of the situation lies in the fact that English people have never been made to grasp that the sources of their prosperity lie outside England. The parochial outlook of the Labor Party itself is largely responsible for this.

I have already written on the election and I do not want to repeat what I said. But I must re-emphasise two points. One—not everyone agrees with me about this, but it is the impression I gathered in the London constituencies—is that the election was fought on domestic issues. Even Russophile feeling was a secondary factor. The other is that the turnover of votes was not enormous. Looking back at the last letter I sent you, I find that I was wrong on several points, and above all in predicting that the Conservatives would win. But everybody else, so far as I know, was also wrong, and even when the Gallup polls indicated that about 46 percent would vote Labor, the newspapers of the Left would go only so far as predicting a stalemate. The anomalies of the English electoral system usually work in favor of the Conservatives, and everyone assumed that they would do so again. Actually they worked the other way, for once, and everyone was stunned with surprise when the results were announced. But I was also wrong in suggesting that the Labor leaders might flinch from power and hence fight the election half-heartedly. It was a genuine enough fight, and it turned on issues that were serious so far as they went. Everyone who took an interest saw that the only chance of getting the Tories out was to vote Labor, and the minor parties were ignored. The twenty candidates put up by the Communists only won about 100,000 votes between them, and the Common Wealth did equally badly. I think that the democratic tradition came out of the election fairly well. Tory efforts to turn the whole thing into a sort of plebiscite only excited disgust, and though the big masses appeared uninterested, they did go into the polling booths and vote at the last minute—against Churchill, as it turned out. But one cannot take this slide to the Left as meaning that Britain is on the verge of revolution. In spite of the discontent smouldering in the armed forces, the mood of the country seems to me less revolutionary, less Utopian, even less hopeful, than it was in 1940 or 1942. Of the votes cast in the election, at most 50 percent could be considered as outright votes for Socialism, and about another 10 percent as votes for nationalisation of certain key industries.

A Labor government may be said to mean business if it (a) na-

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tionalises land, coal mines, railways, public utilities and banks, (b) offers India immediate Dominion Status (this is a minimum), and (c) purges the bureaucracy, the army, the Diplomatic Service etc., so thoroughly as to forestall sabotage from the Right. The symptoms to watch for are an all-round swapping of ambassadors, the abolition of the India Office and, after Parliament reassembles, a battle with the House of Lords. If these don't happen, it is a good bet that no really radical economic change is intended. But the success or failure of the government does not depend solely on its willingness to fullfil its promises. It also has to re-educate public opinion at short notice, which to a large extent means fighting against its own past propaganda.

The weakness of all leftwing parties is their inability to tell the truth about the immediate future. When you are in opposition, and are trying to win support for a new economic and political programme, it is your job to make people discontented, and you almost inevitably do it by telling them that they will be better off in a material sense when the new programme is introduced. You probably don't tell them, what may very well be true, that they won't experience any benefit *immediately,* but only after, say, twenty years. The British people have never been warned, i.e. by the Left, that the introduction of Socialism may mean a serious drop in the standard of living. Nearly all left wingers, from Laborites to Trotskyists, would regard it as political suicide to say any such thing. Yet in my opinion it is probably true, at least in the case of a country like Britain, which lives partly by exploiting the colored peoples. To continue exploiting them is incompatible with the spirit of Socialism, while to stop doing so would entail a difficult reconstruction period during which our own standard of living might fall catastrophically. In one form and another this problem comes up again and again, and, except for the minority who have travelled outside Europe, I have never met an English Socialist who would face it. The stock answer is that we should lose nothing by liberating India and the colonies, since they would then develop more rapidly and their purchasing power would increase, which would be to our advantage—all true enough, but overlooking the interim period, which is the crux of the matter. The colored peoples themselves are not to be fobbed off with such easy answers, and indeed they are inclined to think of British prosperity as more dependent on imperialist exploitation than it actually is. When the Beveridge Report was first published, it had to be somewhat soft-pedalled in the news bulletins to India. There was danger that it would cause serious resentment, the likeliest Indian reaction being: "They are making themselves comfortable at our expense."

Similarly, the calamity of the war, and the impoverishment of the world as a whole, have not been fully brought home to the British people. I think they grasp that the reconversion of industry will be a big

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job, involving rationing and "direction" of labor over a long period, but are less well aware that the devastation of Europe must react badly on our own economy. It is extraordinary how little protest there has been against the proposal to turn Germany into a sort of overcrowded rural slum. In looking to the future, people think in terms of re-distributing the national income, and don't pause to reflect that that income is itself dependent on world conditions. They have had the Beveridge Scheme, raising of the school-leaving age, and so forth, whisked in front of their noses, and no one has told them that for a long time to come we may be unable to afford any improvement in our way of life. Sometimes at Labor meetings during the election I tried the experiment of asking at question time: "What is the Labor Party's policy towards India?" I always got some such perfunctory answer as "Of course the Labor Party is in the completest sympathy with the Indian people's aspiration towards independence," and there the subject dropped, neither speakers nor audiences having the faintest interest in it. I don't think throughout the election I heard a Labor speaker spontaneously mention India, and they rarely mentioned Europe except to make the demagogic and misleading claim that a government of the Left would be able to "come to an understanding with Soviet Russia." It is easy to see what dangers are contained in this optimism about home affairs and disregard of conditions abroad. The trouble could come to a head in dozens of ways—over India or the colonies, over the need to cut our rations further in order to prevent occupied Germany from starving, over mobility of labor, over the inevitable muddles and failures in re-housing, and so on and so forth. The great need of the moment is to make people aware of what is happening and why, and to persuade them that Socialism is a *better* way of life but not necessarily, in its first stages, a more comfortable one. I have no doubt they would accept this if it were put to them in the right way: but at present nothing of the kind is being attempted.

Up to date there has been no definite sign of a re-orientation in foreign policy. A Labor government has fewer reasons than a Conservative one for propping up unpopular monarchs and dictators, but it cannot disregard British strategic interests. I think it is an error to suppose, as the public was allowed to suppose during the election, that the Labor leaders will be more subservient to the USSR than the Tories were. After the first few months it will probably be the other way about. Most of them—Laski, for instance, is an exception—have no illusions about the Soviet system, they are involved, as the Tories are not, in the ideological struggle between the eastern and western conceptions of Socialism, and if they choose to stand up to Russia public opinion will support them, whereas Tory motives for opposing Russia were always justly suspect. One probable source of trouble in the near future is Palestine. The Labor Party, and the Left generally, is very strongly committed to

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support of the Jews against the Arabs, largely because it is only the Jewish case that ever gets a hearing in England. Few English people realize that the Palestine issue is partly a color issue and that an Indian nationalist, for instance, would probably side with the Arabs. As to the long-term aspects of international policy, they are largely governed by geography. Britain, not strong enough to compete singlehanded with Russia or America, has three alternatives. One is to carry on as at present, acquiescing in "spheres of interest" and holding the Empire together as well as possible; another is to move definitely into the orbit of the USA; and the other is to liberate India, cut the links with the Dominions, and form a solid bloc of the western European states and their African possessions. Various observers, including scientists, assure me that the third alternative is technically feasable and that such a bloc could be stronger than either the USA or the USSR. But it seems to me a pipe dream. The centrifugal forces in both France and Britain, the two countries that would matter most, are far too strong.

In spite of the difficulties and dangers I have outlined above, the new government starts off in a very strong position. Unless the Party suffers a major split, Labor is secure in office for at least five years, probably longer. Its one serious opponent, the Conservative Party, is discredited and bankrupt of ideas. Moreover the people who are in power this time are not a gang of easily-bribed weaklings like those of 1929. Like nearly everyone else in England, I know very little about Attlee. Someone who does know him tells me that he is in fact the colorless creature that he appears—one of those secondary figures who step into a leading position because of the death or resignation of somebody else, and hold on to it by being industrious and methodical. He certainly has not the magnetism that a statesman needs nowadays, and the cartoonists of the daily press are frankly puzzled to find some outstanding characteristic (cf. Churchill's cigar, Chamberlain's umbrella, Lloyd George's hair) by which they can popularize him. But the other people in a commanding position in the government, Bevin, Morrison, Greenwood, Cripps, Aneurin Bevan, are tougher and abler than their opposite numbers in the Conservative Party, Churchill's tendency having been to surround himself with yes-men. The composition of the House has altered greatly. For the first time the bulk of the Labor Party members are not trade union officials but come from the constituency parties. Of the 390 Labor members, about 90 are trade union officials and about another 40 are proletarians of one kind or another. The rest are mostly middle-class, and include large numbers of factory managers, doctors, lawyers and journalists. The salaried and professional middle class has now largely "gone left," and its votes were an important factor in swinging the election. It is difficult to believe that this government will collapse in the same ignominious way as those of 1929 and 1923. Five years should be long enough to tide over the worst period. Heaven knows

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whether the government has any serious intention of introducing Socialism, but if it has, I don't see what there is to stop it.

The news of the Japanese surrender came in yesterday about lunchtime, when I was in Fleet Street. There was quite a bit of jubilation in the streets, and people in upstairs offices instantly began tearing up old papers and throwing them out of the window. This idea occurred to everyone simultaneously, and for a couple of miles my bus travelled through a rain of paper fragments which glittered in the sunlight as they came down and littered the pavements ankle deep. It annoyed me rather. In England you can't get paper to print books on, but apparently there is always plenty of it for this kind of thing. Incidentally the British War Office alone uses more paper than the whole of the book trade.

The prompt surrender of Japan seems to have altered people's outlook on the atomic bomb. At the beginning everyone I spoke to about it, or overheard in the street, was simply horrified. Now they begin to feel that there's something to be said for a weapon that could end the war in two days. Much speculation as to "whether the Russians have got it too." Also, from some quarters, demands that Anglo-America should hand over the secret of the bomb to Russia, which does seem to be carrying trustfulness a bit far.

GEORGE ORWELL

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PARIS LETTER

DEAR PR,

The headline of this morning's *Populaire* says: ENFIN, LA GUERRE EST FINIE. This no doubt reflects the weariness of Daniel Mayer, or his editor-in-chief, who must have sat holding the pulse of his teletype until two-thirty or three in the morning, when he finally put his paper to bed. On second thought, Mayer could not have composed his front page until four A. M., after the solemn sentencing of the ex-marshal, ex-academician, ex-chief of state, Philippe Petain. So the war is over, and the bad conscience of so many Frenchmen has been whisked away to the fortress of Portalet, where Petain once imprisoned Blum and Paul Reynaud; and no one, except the roistering G.I.s, seems to find this a particularly happy day. The Communists are crying scandal, because Petain will not be executed, but they will not make a great point of this: most Frenchmen are too obviously relieved. The exasperating people who believe that, after all, the marshal only tried to save what could be saved, are lacerated by the indignities showered on this ambiguous old man by the predominantly Resistance press. The Socialists are saddened by the whole unhappy affair, much in the Christlike manner of Leon Blum, who shed tears in the witness stand; in any case, the S.F.I.O. have been holding an important party congress during which, politely and firmly, and with some embarrassment, they had to turn down the Communist offer of holy matrimony: the prospect disturbed them beyond any concern with the outcome of the Petain trial. In general, most Frenchmen were violently angry—or at least seriously annoyed—with Father, but all felt a kind of awful horror at the notion of killing him. The verdict allows them a symbolic satisfaction without involving them in the blood sacrifice itself. I don't mean to be flippant about this: during the trial of Pucheu, in Algiers,—the Pucheu who had been paraded in triumph through the streets, only a year before,—I acquired the conviction that a profound current of feeling runs through the masses, to the effect that authority, even fallen, can never be wrong. This is why, when it became evident that Pucheu had not *personally* designated hostages to the German firing-squads, but "only" that his calculated policy had furthered the Nazi process of sucking the life-blood of France, one felt a general unavowed terror at the approach and execution of the inevitable death sentence. Authority may be brutal,

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oppressive, even intolerable: yet, in the measure that people live with it, compromise with it, *experience it as their own,* revolt is always secretly felt as a crime.

I think the atmosphere of Algiers was truly tragic, at that time; and there were moments, in the Petain trial, when the most pigskinned reporters, crowded like clandestine worshippers in the catacombs of the Palais de Justice, were aware of the presence of a mystery which they could not define. But a few days ago the atomic bomb had disintegrated thousands of Japanese at Hiroshima; Stalin had sent his Far Eastern armies into Manchuria; the last enemy was offering to give up the fight. Inside France, the drought had come to close the cycle of this country's calamities; the French people were split over the constitutional problem; and de Gaulle (I hasten modestly to remark that I predicted this, in my last letter) descended truculently from Olympus into the political arena. Tragedy involves the audience: the concentration upon the Event of a peculiar kind of spiritual energy; in August, 1945, the tense and desperately tired French are scarcely capable of rapt attention. They've been chucking it all and dragging themselves off to the seashore and mountain resorts.

And there, each month, from fifty to a hundred children are still being slaughtered by the mines the Germans left behind them.

I went down to my office this morning and read some dispatches about the wild celebrations in New York and San Francisco, then strolled about for a while, on both sides of the Seine. The city was quite deserted (today was a national holiday, the Assumption): no excitement, no flags, no crowds. A few G.I.'s raced around in Jeeps, waving copies of the *Stars and Stripes.* A forlorn little group of Chinese formed a *monome* and marched up the Champs-Elysees to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Somebody in the Presidency dashed off one of de Gaulle's what's-in-it-for-us statements. . . . This reaction, or lack of reaction, is very important, for it involves the two facets of what one might reasonably name the French complex, the actual moral atmosphere of postwar France. On the one hand, the immense fatigue of the masses, the appalling strain set up by the simplest necessities of living, of finding enough to eat—and the terror of the coming winter. On the other hand, French intellectuals know, and the masses vaguely feel that the center of the world has shifted. For the first time since the creation of the egg-shaped world we know—i.e. since the Renaissance—France finds herself on the periphery; weak, divided, her very internal peace dependent upon the agreement of the two colossi which have emerged from this war. The morning after the atomic bomb dissolved Hiroshima, the French press was filled with stories tending to prove that Juliot-Curie and various other French physicists, were really responsible for the whole thing. The first reaction to victory in the Pacific, even from professional anti-

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imperialists, was: are we going to be cheated of Indo-China *too.* At best, this mood is expressed in a kind of tired irony, or in the bitter mockery of the *Canard enchainé;* at worst, it becomes a querulous susceptibility which proves as nothing else does how incapable the French have become of thinking in terms of the whole wide world. "I am a French writer," a young dramatist told me the other day, shaking his finger under my nose. "How do you think I feel when our representatives have to fight, at San Francisco, for the acceptance of French as one of the official languages of the conference?"

(As a matter of fact, this "fight" never really took place. It was invented, practically out of the whole cloth, by the French press.)

This fellow bored me stiff. He sounded so exactly like ten thousand others I've listened to in the last two years. I murmured something about it not making a great deal of difference.

"Difference!" he spluttered. "The language of Racine! I sometimes wonder whether it's worth the trouble writing at all any more!"

So far as I can see, the October elections can only institutionalize the basic split between east and west, and so consecrate the political weakness of the country: most voters will also be voting for or against the preponderant influence of Stalinist Russia, for or against the leadership of the United States. The Socialists, of course, have been much heartened by the victory of British Labor, though in any case they feel closer to the Democracies, capitalist or not, than to Stalin-Djugashvili's empire. The Communists are complaining that de Gaulle, in forcefully expressing his preference on the constituent assembly's powers, is turning the referendum into a plebiscite. Which is indeed the case. But there is reason to doubt a.) that de Gaulle's intervention will be sufficient to stem the tide toward a sovereign unicameral assembly and b.) whether either Socialists or Communists will obtain a sufficient majority to give the country a unified government.

I got out of the hospital too late to take in any of last season's theatre, with the exception of the Vieux Colombier's remarkable production of *Murder in the Cathedral,* which is pushing bravely on through the summer. I went several times to see Gordon Craig, in his wonderful workshop on the rue Ampere: the old man is in straitened circumstances, though he lives surrounded by priceless things (and I should appreciate it if someone could suggest what we might do to help him). In the absence of Serge Lifar, who doesn't dare show his face in a Parisian theatre, the most interesting event of the dance season was the emergence of Roland Petit, under the auspices of Cocteau and Boris Kochno, with a curtain by Picasso and scenery by Brassai. In short, a great deal of tralala, notably in *Rendez-vous,* a ballet by Jacques Prevert, the poet and cineast; in the course of all this a narrator reads a fragment from Prevert, and one sees some very inspired and erotic dancing by Petit and Marina

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de Berg. The technique reminded me of our Ballet Theatre, a perpetual struggle against—away from—traditional ballet movement. The one point I wish to make about all this, since you cannot see the ballet itself, is the extraordinary concentration of talent Paris can put into a manifestation of this kind, even under present depressed conditions. There are two things you will be able to see, however, provided Hollywood and the French government come to an agreement on the distribution of American films in this country (the French propose to cut the number of licenses to be granted to American films in France in order to protect the French film industry; Hollywood replies by refusing to release any films here at all; the result is that the French are crying vainly for our films, and American distributors are refusing to show French productions): these are *L'Espoir,* a fragmentary film document on the Spanish Civil War, conceived and filmed by André Malraux, and *Les Enfants du Paradis.* The latter is a *grande machine,* composed of two epochs, each of which is a full-length film: the whole is rather disjointed and frequently badly paced, but informed with a simple genial—by no means new—idea: a typical romantic theme, a story of star-crossed lovers, becomes by a kind of involution a film *about* romanticism, so that the reconstitution of the period (in costume, scenery, historical personages etc.) and the deliberate choice of certain stock romantic characters (the Byronic desperado-poet, Lacenaire, the femme fatale with one pure love in her life etc.) serve a double purpose—they are the conditions and the protagonists of the action, and a commentary on it. The result is a curious rich irony which is felt as a function of the delicacy and melancholy insight with which the two levels are held together.

Your proposal that I give you some account of existentialism is embarrassing, for this movement seems to have attracted to itself everything that is most alive and original in the newer French literature, with the result, that existentialism is pervasive, subtly nuanced, difficult to define: rather an element of the Parisian air than a clearcut doctrine. Which, of course, gives all the more urgency to your curiosity. But please understand that I don't propose to go to the heart of this matter in a few chiseled paragraphs and that whenever, in the next few months, I am moved to discuss young French writers—even such rare and solitary birds as Queneau, Gracq and Genet—I shall be likely to situate them with reference to this movement, which seems to be truly central in Paris now. A few weeks ago, as Paul Valéry lay upon his death-bed, Parisians were reading (in *Confluences*) Julien Benda's vigorous attack on the anti-intellectualist spirit in modern French letters. The indefatigable Benda is concerned in this article with far more than the existentialist movement, which he considers only as the latest symptom of a deep-rooted disease. Benda's chief targets are writers of his own generation:

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Valéry, Gide, Alain, Giraudoux, etc.; their heresy, he says, was to have been at once writers of ideas and fundamentally disinterested in the essential functionalism of the intelligence. He quotes from Valéry: "A man of ideas is never serious"and "we proceed by accidents, and not by constructions." He points out for scandal the elusiveness ("Build a fine house," said Gide, "you'll always find a lodger to live in it"), the formal preoccupations, the incommunicability, the rarity and finally the particularism, of these writers. "A true thought lasts only a moment," Valéry once said, "like the pleasure of lovers." Benda calls upon French youth to rally around him, under the banner of realism, logic and humanism.

You may wonder how existentialism—which after all involves at its core a doctrine and a clear adhesion—comes into the scope of Benda's indignation. As a matter of fact, the only reference to this movement is in a parenthesis so typical of the attacks to which Sartre and Camus have been subjected that I am moved to quote it for you: "Let us note, in passing, that we have here an immense victory for Germany; for, if the Germans are beaten . . . militarily, they have grounds for consolation in remarking that they have been singularly victorious in the spiritual field, since the masters of a whole movement of new French poetry are admittedly Novalis and Hölderlin, and those of one of our most fashionable philosophies are Husserl and Heidegger; as for the influence of Nietzsche, it is actually worldwide." Benda does not go on to say, as Stalinoid critics are prone, that Heidegger was a Nazi and therefore Sartre is a trotskyite-bukharino-hitlerite, ripe for the stake. Chalk up at least one point for Benda, who in fact makes no further reference to existentialism in his article. (Actually, one cannot accept Sartre's contention that Heidegger became a Nazi simply out of cowardice: there *is* a connection between Heidegger's *Existenzphilosophie* and his nazism: but since this is not a *necessary* relation, i.e. since a Heidegger might also and without philosophical inconsistency have become a revolutionary anti-Nazi, the point is not quite relevant to this discussion.)

Thierry Maulnier showed many years ago, before I for one had ever heard of existentialism, that the Cartesian, rationalist and, latterly, scientific spirit is not the only current in French literature. Montaigne, Pascal, Racine, Proust are also French. Today in reading essays like Camus' *Mythe de Sysyphe,* or Simone de Beauvoir's *Pyrrhus et Cineas,* I am carried beyond Heidegger's *Sein und Zeit* (which I could never bring myself to digest in any case) to the *Lettres provinciales,* the *Wager* and certain passages of the *Essays.* Even to certain tricks of style, like the enunciation of a general principle in paradoxical form, transition to the first person ("I" meaning "Man") followed by a historical or mythological example. The fact is that everything in the French tradition which passionately explores "Man's Fate," his existence considered in the light of a certain fundamental metaphysical nostalgia,

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will be seen to have prepared the ground for the present movement.

Nevertheless, the immediate impetus of what Benda calls "one of the most fashionable of our philosophies" comes obviously from Heidegger, Husserl and Jaspers—seen against a historical background of post-war merging into ante-war, unemployment, revolution, spiritual defeat and dismay. These men were discovered, translated and assimilated by a generation which, in the twenties and thirties, had passionately absorbed Nietzsche and Kierkegaard. It would be absurd for me to try to sum up in a few words the work of all these tortured Nordics, yet it is revealing to note, however briefly, certain of their ideas which seem to have inspired the men with whom we are concerned. First there is the distinction between philosophy and science, the point upon which modern metaphysics, with its inferiority complex, invariably begins. To philosophize, says Jean Beaufret, is not to throw light upon the objectivity of things; and he quotes Jaspers: "it is audacious (*Wagnis*) to force one's way (*dringen*) into the foundations (*grund*) of the yet unexplored certitude which man can have about himself." The philosopher who seeks this certitude, *in fear and trembling,* is profoundly aware of the notion which so terrified Dostoevski: man's awful liberty, his dizzy realization that "all is equally possible." As Beaufret puts it: "c'est bien un vertige qui s'empare en effet de l'homme *quand il fait naufrage dans la possibilité.*" Camus' hero in L'*Etranger* is thus "shipwrecked in possibility," though American critics will surely prefer to see in him, simply, a victim of what we call alienation. But the philosopher is concerned to define the conditions of this shipwreck, and the central problem of philosophy thus becomes the problem of Being. Since my arrival here I have had time to find and read only those works which, quite apart from their philosophical inspiration, possessed sufficient literary quality to tempt my rare leisures. Yet it is already evident that the notions by which Heidegger defines that special type of being, Man, have not only informed the very warp and woof of certain works of art but have seeped into the most common critical jargon, such as one finds on the literary page of a dozen Parisian weeklies. Man differs from other existants in that his awareness of his existence, *which tends perpetually to become self-understanding,* is radical to his being. Hence, his mode of existence is open; it involves a constant disquiet—the Heideggerian *Sorge;* man is *ein Wesen der Ferne,* the existant who, constantly concerned to know how he stands with his fundamental possibility, engages his being totally in every action. Man's fate is this engagement. "He comes from afar," and every flicker of his consciousness reiterates the question of his being. His existence is a series of projects.

It is at this point that Heidegger's existentialism, which strikes me as nothing so much as painfully gratuitous, becomes a usable literary ideology. The notion of man, the *Dasein* (the "being aware that he is there") is completed by the sense of his *dereliction,* by the loss of his

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self through the *fall* (into error, "inauthenticity") from which he can rise only through the "clear night of his anguish." There is no need, for the moment, to go any further into detail. Existentialist thinking shifts every emphasis, every problem, to this center: man's sense of his own situation. The problem of Death, to cite a celebrated example, becomes the problem of "I am dying." Speaking of Henri Gouhier, in the weekly *Carrefour,* Jean Grenier says: "He makes us see that wars have *placed existence under a menace* . . . As (man's) existence was more and more endangered, he attached ever more value to it; and, pressed by necessity, disgusted with the intelligence, he adopted for wisdom what would have appeared a folly to his predecessors, for salvation what would have appeared a flight and a denial. The very notion of philosophy, as it had been traditionally conceived, i.e. as the quest for a truth lasting and valid for all . . . has been completely placed in question." And further, Grenier has an excellent formula for the new philosophy: "It presents itself as an explosion of individuals, a revolt of pure subjectivity. But, by an unforeseen reversal, this attitude pushed to the extreme ends by destroying itself: if there exists nothing but a truth valid for a concrete and individual subject, this subject can itself be studied in its intimate structure, its value judgments can become the object of knowledge."

Sartre's critics, of course, accuse him of denying the role of society in the evolution of the individual's values; the same critics accuse Camus of sapping the philosophical basis of all social action. Sartre, who is founding a new review this fall, devoted to the cause of *la littérature engagée,* replies that he is simply consummating the final death of the gods. In *Les Mouches,* Sartre's most important play, Jupiter says to the rebellious Orestes: "Remember, Orestes, you were part of my flock. . . . Your liberty is only an itching mange, it is only an exile . . . the evil is not deep, it dates from yesterday. Come back to us. See how alone you are, even your sister abandons you. You are pale, and anguish dilates your eyes. Do you hope to live? You are gnawed by an inhuman evil, foreign to my nature, foreign to yourself. Come back, I am oblivion, I am repose."

To which Orestes replies: "Foreign to myself I know. Beyond nature, against nature, without excuse, with no recourse but myself. But I will not come back to your law: I am condemned to have no other law than my own. . . . For I am a man, Jupiter, and each man must make his own path."

Actually, a great deal more is involved. But one must make a distinction between Sartre the artist and Sartre the philosopher of *L'Etre et Le Néant.* This would bring us, first, to the interesting question of how this murky metaphysics functions as a literary ideology (for I believe that these people, like almost all philosophical litterateurs, are idolaters, in the Proustian sense of the word) and, secondly, to the important differences between writers like Sartre and Camus—whom

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hostile critics systematically render responsible for each other's ideas. These two questions are related, since the first involves a discussion of the epistemology of existentialism, particularly of the so-called "eidetic method," and the second a type of suspiciously useful sophistry which is well exemplified by Camus' theory of the absurd. I should also like to tell you of two currents of opposition to all this, one serious and the other just bitchy. But these, like many other things, will have to wait.

H. J. KAPLAN

ANAPHORA

Each day with so much ceremony
begins, with birds, with bells,
with whistles from a factory;
such white-gold skies our eyes
first open on, such brilliant walls
that for a moment we wonder
"Where is the music coming from, the energy?
The day was made for what ineffable creature
we must have missed?" Oh promptly he
appears and takes his earthly nature
    instantly, instantly falls
    victim of long intrigue,
    assuming memory and mortal
    mortal fatigue.

More slowly falling into sight
and showering into stippled faces,
darkening, condensing all his light;
in spite of all the dreaming
squandered upon him with that look,
suffers our uses and abuses,
sinks through the drift of bodies,
sinks through the drift of classes
to evening to the beggar in the park
who, weary, without lamp or book
    prepares stupendous studies:
    the fiery event
    of every day in endless
    endless assent.

ELIZABETH BISHOP

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The Other Margaret

LIONEL TRILLING

Mark Jennings stood the picture up on the wide counter and he and Stephen Elwin stepped back and looked at it. It was one of Rouault's kings. A person looking at it for the first time might find it repellent, even brutal or cruel. It was full of rude blacks that might seem barbarically untidy.

But the two men knew the picture well. They looked at it in silence. The admiration they were sharing made a community between them which at their age was rare, for they had both passed forty. Jennings waited for Elwin to speak first—they were friends but Elwin was the customer. Besides, the frame had been designed by Jennings and in buying a reproduced picture the frame is of great importance, accounting for more than half the cost. Elwin had bought the picture some weeks before but he was seeing it framed for the first time.

Elwin said, "The frame is very good, Mark. It's perfect." He was a rather tall man with an attractive, competent face. He touched the frame curiously with the tip of his forefinger.

Jennings replied in a judicious tone, as if it were not his own good taste but that of a very gifted apprentice of his. "*I* think so," he said. And he too touched the frame, but intimately, rubbing briskly up and down one moulding with an artisan's possessive thumb, putting an unneeded last touch. He explained what considerations of color and proportion made the frame right for the picture. He spoke as if these were simple rules anyone might find in a book.

The king, blackbearded and crowned, faced in profile to the left. He had a fierce quality that had modulated, but not softened, to authority. One could feel of him—it was the reason why Elwin had bought the picture—that he had passed beyond ordinary matters of personality and was worthy of the crown he was wearing. Yet he was human and tragic. He was not unlike the sculptured kings of Chartres. In his right hand he held a spray of flowers.

"Is he a favorite of yours?" Elwin said. He did not know whether he meant the king or the king's painter. Indeed, as he asked the question, it seemed to him that he had assumed that the painter was this

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archaic personage himself. He had never imagined the painter painting the canvas with a brush. It was the beginning of a new thought about the picture.

Jennings answered with a modified version of the Latin gesture of esteem, a single decisive shake of his lifted hand, thumb and forefinger touching in a circle.

Elwin acknowledged the answer with a nod but said nothing. He did not want Jennings' admiration, even though he had asked for it. Jennings would naturally give as much admiration to most of the fine pictures in fine reproduction with which his shop was filled. At that moment, Elwin was not interested in admiration or in art. But he liked what Jennings said next.

"It will give you a lot of satisfaction," Jennings said. It was exactly as if he had just sold Elwin a suit or a pair of shoes.

Elwin said, "Yes," a little hesitatingly, only politely agreeing, not committing himself in the matter of his money's worth until it should be proved.

From behind the partition that made Jennings' little office they had been hearing a man talking on the telephone. Now the conversation ended and a young soldier, a second lieutenant, came out into the shop. Jennings said to him, "Did the call get through?" and the young man said, "Oh yes, after some difficulty. It was eighty-five cents. Let me pay you for it." "Oh nonsense," said Jennings, and took him by the arm and quickly introduced him to Elwin as a cousin of his wife's. The young man offered Elwin the hand that had been reaching into his pocket and said, "I'm glad to meet you, sir."

He said it very nicely, with the niceness that new young officers are likely to have. Pleased with themselves, they are certain that everyone will be nice to them. This young man's gold bar did a good deal for him, did perhaps more than rank ought to have to do for a man. He was not really much of a person. Yet Elwin, meeting him, felt the familiar emotion in which he could not distinguish guilt from envy. He knew it well, knew how to control it and it did not diminish, not much, the sense of holiday he was having. The holiday was made by his leaving his office a little early. He published scientific books in a small but successful way and the war had made a great pressure of work for him, but he had left his office early when Jennings phoned that the picture was back from the framer's.

The young lieutenant was looking at the picture. He so clearly did not like it that Jennings said quickly, "Mr. Elwin's just bought it."

The lieutenant regarded the picture thoughtfully. "Very nice," he said, with an enthusiastic and insincere shake of his head. He did

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not want to spoil things for Jennings by undermining the confidence of the customer. Elwin looked from the king to the lieutenant and back to the king. It was perfectly polite, only as if he had looked at the young man to hear his opinion more clearly and then had examined again the thing they were talking about.

But Jennings understood the movement of Elwin's glance, for when the lieutenant had shaken hands and left the shop, Jennings said stoutly, "He's a good kid."

"Yes he is," Elwin said serenely.

"It's funny seeing him an officer. He used to be against anything like that. But he was glad to go—he said he did not want to miss sharing the experience of his generation."

"A lot of them say that." Elwin had heard it often from the young men, the clever ones. Someone had started it and all the young men with the semi-political views said it. Their reasons for saying it were various. Elwin liked some of the reasons and disliked others, but whether he liked the reasons or not, he never heard the phrase without a twinge of envy. Now it comforted him to think that this man with the black beard and the flower had done his fighting without any remarks about experience and generations.

The idea of age and death did not present itself to Elwin in any horrifying way. It had first come to him in the form of a sentence from one of Hazlitt's essays. The sentence was, "No young man believes he shall ever die," and the words had come to him suddenly from the past, part of an elaborate recollection of a scene at high-school. When he looked up the quotation, he found that he had remembered it with perfect accuracy, down to that very *shall* which struck his modern ear as odd and even ungrammatical. The memory had begun with the winter sunlight coming through the dirty windows of the classroom. Then there was the color, texture and smell of varnished wood. But these details were only pointing to the teacher himself and what he was saying. He was a Mr. Baxter, a heron-like man, esteemed as brilliant and eccentric, what some students called "a real person." Suddenly Mr. Baxter in a loud voice had uttered that sentence of Hazlitt's. He held the book in his hand but did not read from it. "No young man believes he shall ever die," he said, just as if he had thought of it himself.

It had been very startling to hear him say that, and this effect was of course just what the teacher wanted. It was the opening sentence of an essay called "On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth," and to Baxter it was important that the class should see what a bold and captivating way it was to begin an essay, how it was exactly as

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if someone had suddenly said the words, not written them after thought.

The chalky familiar classroom had been glorified by this moment of Mr. Baxter's. So many things had been said in the room, but here was one thing that had been said which was true. It was true in two ways. For Mr. Baxter it was true that no *young* man believes he shall ever die, but Mr. Baxter was not exactly a young man. For Stephen Elwin it was true that he would never die—he was scarcely even a young man yet, still only a boy. Between the student and the teacher the great difference was that the student would never die. Stephen Elwin had pitied Mr. Baxter and had been proud of himself. And mixed with the boy's feeling of immortality was a boy's pleasure at being involved with ideas which were not only solemn but complicated, for Mr. Baxter's mortality should have denied, but actually did not deny, the immortality that Stephen felt.

The Hazlitt sentence, once it had been remembered, had not left Elwin. Every now and then, sometimes just as he was falling asleep, sometimes just as he was waking up, sometimes right in the middle of anything at all, the sentence and the full awareness of what it meant would come to him. It felt like an internal explosion. It was not, however, an explosion of force but rather an explosion of light. It was not without pain but it was not wholly painful.

With the picture neatly wrapped in heavy brown paper, Elwin walked down Madison Avenue. It was still early. On a sudden impulse he walked west at 60th Street. Usually he came home by taxi, but this evening he thought of the Fifth Avenue bus, for some reason remembering that it was officially called a "coach" and that his father had spoken of it so, and had sometimes even referred to it as a "stage." The "coach" that he signaled was of the old kind, open wooden deck, platform at the rear, stairs connecting platform and deck with a big architectural curve. He saw it with surprise and affection. He had supposed that this model of bus had long been out of service and as he hailed it his mind sought for and found a word long unused. "DeDion," he said, pleased at having found it. "DeDion Bouton."

He pronounced it *Deedeeon,* the way he and his friends had said it in 1917 when they had discussed the fine and powerful motors from Europe that were then being used for the buses. Some of them had been Fiats, but the most powerful of all were said to be the DeDions from France. No one knew the authority for this superlative judgment, but boys finding a pleasure in firm opinions did not care.

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Elwin remembered the special note in his friends' voices as they spoke of the DeDions. They talked about the great Mediterranean motors with a respect that was not only technical but historical. There had never been more than a few of the DeDions in America. Even in 1917 they were no longer being imported and the boys thought of them as old and rare.

Elwin took his seat inside the bus, at the rear. As suddenly as the name DeDion, it came to him how the open deck had once been a deck indeed—how, as sometimes the only passenger braving the weather up there, he had been the captain of the adventure, facing into the cold wind, even into the snow or rain, stoic, assailed but unmoved by the elements, inhaling health, fortitude and growth, for he had a boy's certainty that the more he endured, the stronger he would become. And when he had learned to board the bus and alight from it while it was still moving—"board" and "alight" were words the company used in its notices—how far advanced in life he had felt. So many landmarks of Elwin's boyhood in the city had vanished but this shabby bus had endured since the days when it had taken him daily to school.

At 82nd Street the bus stopped for a red light. A boy stood at the curb near the iron stanchion that bore the bus-stop sign. He clutched something in his hand. It must have been a coin, for he said to the conductor, "Mister, how much does it cost to ride on this bus?"

Elwin could not be sure of the boy's age, but he was perhaps twelve, Elwin's own age when he had been touched by his friends' elegiac discussions of the DeDions. The boy was not alone, he had a friend with him, and to see this friend , clearly a follower, was to understand the quality of the chief. The subaltern was a boy like any other, but the face of his leader was alight with the power of mind and a great urgency. Perhaps he was only late and in a hurry, but in any case the urgency illuminated his remarkable face.

The conductor did not answer the question.

"Mister," the boy said again, "how much does it cost to ride on this bus?"

His friend stood by, sharing passively in the question but saying nothing. They did not dare "board" until they knew whether or not their resources were sufficient.

The boy was dressed sturdily enough, perhaps for a boy of his age he was even well dressed. But he had been on the town or in the park most of the afternoon, or perhaps he had been one of those boys who, half in awe, half in rowdy levity, troop incessantly through

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the Egyptian rooms of the Museum, repeatedly entering and emerging from and entering again the narrow slits of the grave vaults. His knickerbockers were sliding at the knees and his effort to control a drop at his nose further compromised but by no means destroyed his dignity. He had the clear cheeks and well-shaped head of a carefully reared child, but he seemed too far from home at this hour quite to be the child of very careful parents. There was an air about him which suggested that he had learned to expect at least a little resistance from the world and that he was ready to meet it.

The conductor did not reply to the second question. He had taken a large black wallet of imitation leather from some cranny of the rear platform and was making marks with a pencil on the cardboard trip-sheet it contained. He was an old man.

"Mister," said the boy again, and his voice, though tense, was reasonable. It was the very spirit of reasonableness. "Mister, how much does it cost to ride on this bus? A nickel or a dime?"

The conductor elaborately lifted his eyes from his record. He looked at the boy not hostilely nor yet quite facetiously, but with a certain quiet air of settled satisfaction. "What do you want to know for?" he said.

Elwin wanted to lower the window to tell the boy it was a dime. But he had waited too long. The conductor put his hand on the bell-button and gave the driver the signal. The light changed and the bus began to move.

"Mister!" the boy shouted. He may have been late to his supper but it was not this urgency that made his voice go up so loud and high. "For God's sake, mister!"

He of course did not bring in God by way of appeal. There was no longer any hope of his getting an answer. It was rather an expostulation with the unreasonable, the most passionate thing imaginable. Elwin looked back and saw the boy's hatred still following the conductor and, naturally, not only the conductor but the whole bus.

The conductor had now the modest look of a person who has just delivered a rebuke which was not only deserved but witty.

Well, Elwin thought, he is an old man and his pride is somewhere involved. Perhaps it was only that he could not at the moment bring himself to answer a question.

But he believed that in the past it could not have happened. When he was a boy the conductor might have said, "What do you want to know for?"—boys must always be teased a little by men. But the teasing would have stopped in time for him to board the bus. The bus was peculiarly safe. The people who rode in it and paid a

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dime after they had taken their seats were known to be nicer than the people who rode in the subway for a nickel which they paid before admission. It was the first public conveyance to which "nervous" parents entrusted their children—the conductors were known for their almost paternal kindness. For example, if you found on your trip to school that you had forgotten your money, the conductor would not fail to quiet the fear of authority that clutched your guilty heart. But this old man had outlived his fatherhood, which had once extended to all the bus-world of children. His own sons and daughters by now would have grown and gone and given him the usual causes for bitterness.

The old man's foolish triumph was something that must be understood. Elwin tried to know the weariness and sense of final loss that moved the old conductor to stand on that small dignity of his. He at once brought into consideration the conditions of life of the old man, especially the lack of all the advantages that he himself had had—the gentle rearing and the good education that made a man like Stephen Elwin answerable for all his actions. It had long been the habit of Elwin's mind to raise considerations of just this sort whenever he had reason to be annoyed with anyone who was not more powerful than himself.

But now, strangely, although the habit was in force, it did not check his anger. It was bewildering that he should feel anger at a poor ignorant man, a working man. It was the first time in his life that he had ever felt so. It shamed him. And he was the more bewildered and ashamed when he understood, as he did, that he was just as angry at the boy as at the old man. He was seeing the boy full grown and the self-pity and hatred taking root beside the urgency and power. The conductor and the boy were links in the great chain of the world's rage.

Clearly it was an unreasoning thing to feel. It was not what a wise man would feel . At this time in his life Stephen Elwin had the wish to be wise. He had never known a wise man. The very word sounded like something in a tale read to children. But the occasion for courage had passed. By courage Elwin meant something very simple, an unbending resistance of spirit under extreme physical difficulties. It was a boy's notion, but it had stayed with Elwin through most of his life, through his business and his pleasure, and nothing that he had ever done had given him the proof that he wanted. And now that the chance for that was gone—he was forty-one years old —it seemed to him that perhaps to be wise was almost as manly a thing as to be brave.

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Two wars had passed Elwin by. For one he was too young, for the other too old, though by no means, of course, old. Had it not been for the war, and the consideration of age it so ruthlessly raised, the recollection of the sentence from Hazlitt would no doubt have been delayed by several years, and so too would the impulse to which it had given rise, the desire to have "wisdom." More and more in the last few months, Elwin had been able to experience the sensation of being wise, for it was indeed a sensation, a feeling of stamina, poise and illumination.

He was puzzled and unhappy as he "alighted" from the bus at 92nd Street. It seemed to him a great failure that his knowledge of death and his having reached the years of wisdom—they were the same thing—had not prevented him from feeling anger at an old man and a boy. It then occurred to him to think that perhaps he had felt his anger not in despite of wisdom but because of it. It was a disturbing, even a horrifying, fancy. Yet as he walked the two blocks to his home, he could not help recurring to it, with what was, as he had to see, a certain gratification.

In his pleasant living-room, in his comfortable chair, Stephen Elwin watched his daughter as she mixed the drink he usually had before dinner. She was thirteen. About a month ago she had made this her job, almost her duty, and she performed it with an unspeakable seriousness. She measured out the whiskey and poured it into the tumbler. With the ice-tongs she reached the ice gently into the bottom of the glass so that there would not be the least splash of whiskey. She opened the bottle of soda. Holding up the glass for her father's inspection, she poured the soda slowly, ready to stop at her father's word. Elwin cried "Whoa!" and at the word he thought that his daughter had reached the stage of her growth where she did indeed look like a well-bred pony.

Now Margaret was searching for the stirring-spoon. But she had forgotten to put it on the tray with all the other paraphernalia and she gave a little cry of vexation and went to fetch it. Elwin did not tell her not to bother, that it did not matter if the drink was not stirred. He understood that this business had to proceed with a ceremonial completeness.

Margaret returned with the stirring-spoon. She stirred the highball and the soda foamed up. She waited until it subsided, meanwhile shaking the spoon dry over the glass with three precise little shakes. She handed her father the drink and put a coaster on the table by his chair. She watched while he took his first sip. He had taken the whole responsibility for the proportion of soda to whiskey.

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Still, she wanted to be told that she had made the drink just right. Elwin said, "Fine. Just right," and Margaret tried not to show the absurd pleasure she felt.

For this ritual of Margaret's there were, as Elwin guessed, several motives. The honor of her home required that her father not make his own highball in the pantry and bring it out to drink in his chair, not after she had begun to take notice that in the homes of some of her schoolmates, every evening and not only at dinner-parties, a servant brought in, quite as a matter of course, a large tray of drinking equipment. But Margaret had other reasons than snobbishness—Elwin thought that she needed to establish a "custom," not only for now but for the future, against the time when she could say to her children, "And every night before dinner it was the *custom* in our family for me to make my father a drink." He supposed that this ritual of the drink was Margaret's first traffic with the future. It seemed to him that to know a thing like this about his daughter was one of the products of what could be called wisdom and he thought with irony but also with pleasure of his becoming a dim but necessary figure in Margaret's story of the past.

"I bought a picture today," Elwin said.

Margaret cocked an eye at him, as if to say, "Are you on the loose again?" She said, "What is it? Did you bring it home?"

"Oh, just a reproduction, a Rouault."

"Rouault?" She said. She shook her head decisively. "Don't know him." It quite settled Rouault for the moment.

"Don't know him?"

"Never heard of him."

"Well, take a look at it—it's over there."

She untied the string and took off the paper and sat there on the big hassock, her feet far out in front of her, holding the great king at arm's length. It was to Elwin strange and funny, this confrontation of the black, calm, tragic king and this blonde child in her sweater and skirt, in her moccasin shoes. She became abstracted and withdrawn in her scrutiny of the picture. Then Elwin, seeing the breadth and brightness of her brow, the steady intelligence of her gaze, understood that there was really no comic disproportion. What was funny was the equality. The young lieutenant had been quite neutralized by the picture. Even Mark Jennings had been a little diminished by it. But Margaret, with her grave, luminous brow, was able to meet it head on. And not in agreement either.

"You don't like it?" Elwin said.

She looked from the picture to him and said, "I don't think so."

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She said it softly but it was pretty positive. She herself painted and she was in a very simple relation to pictures. She rose and placed the picture on the sofa as if to give it another chance in a different position and a better light. She stood at a distance and looked at it and Elwin stood behind her to get the same view of it that she had. He put his hand on her shoulder. After a moment she looked up at him and smiled. "I don't really *like* it," she said. The modulation of her voice was not apology, but simply a gesture of making room for another opinion. She did not think it was important whether she liked or disliked the picture. It said something to her that was not in her experience or that she did not want in her experience. Liking the picture would have given her pleasure. She got no pleasure from not liking it. It seemed to Elwin that in the little shake of her head, in her tone and smile, there was a quality, really monumental, by which he could explain his anger at the old conductor and the boy and forgive himself for having had it.

When Lucy Elwin came in, her face was flushed from the stove and she had a look of triumphant anticipation. She shamelessly communicated this to her family. "It's going to be ve-ry good," she said, not as if she were promising them a fine dinner, rather as if she were threatening them with a grim fate. She meant that her dinner was going to be so very good that if they did not extravagantly admire it, if they merely took it for granted, they would be made to feel sorry. "It will be ready in about ten minutes," she said. "Are you very hungry?"

"Just enough," Elwin said. "Are you tired?" For his wife had stretched out in the armchair and put back her head. She slouched with her long legs at full length, her skirt a little disordered, one ankle laid on the other. Her eyes being closed made her complicated face look simple and she seemed young and self-indulgent, like a girl who escapes from the embarrassment of herself into a broody trance. It was an attitude that had lately become frequent with Margaret.

Lucy Elwin said, "Yes, a little tired. But really, you know, I'd almost rather do the work myself than have that Margaret around."

She spoke with her eyes still closed, and so she did not see her daughter stiffen. But Elwin did. He knew that it was not because Margaret thought that her mother meant her but because of the feelings she had for the other Margaret, the maid. The other Margaret, as so often, had not come to work that day.

Margaret had mixed a drink for her mother and now she was standing beside Lucy's chair, waiting with exaggerated patience for Lucy to open her eyes. She said, "Here's your drink, mother!"

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She said it as if she had waited quite long enough, using the lumpish, martyred, unsuccessful irony of thirteen, her eyebrows very weary, the expression of her mouth very dry. Lucy opened her eyes and sat up straight in her chair. She took the drink from Margaret and smiled. "Thank you, dear," she said. For the moment it was as if Margaret were the mother, full of rectitude and manners, and Lucy the careless daughter.

That Lucy was being careless even her husband felt. No one could say of their Negro maid, the other Margaret, that she was a pleasant person. Even Elwin would have to admit to a sense of strain in her presence. But surely Lucy took too passionate a notice of her. Elwin felt that this was not in keeping with his wife's nature. But no, that was really not so. It was often disquieting to Elwin, the willingness that Lucy had to get angry even with simple people when she thought they were not behaving well. And lately she had been full of stories about the nasty and insulted temper that was being shown by the people one daily dealt with. Only yesterday, for example, there had been her story of the soda-fountain man who made a point of mopping and puttering and changing the position of pieces of pie and only after he had shown his indifference and independence would take your order. Elwin had to balance against the notice his wife took of such things the deep, literal, almost childish way she spoke of them, the innocence of her passion. But this particular story of the soda-fountain clerk had really distressed him, actually embarassing him for Lucy, and he had pointed out to her how frequent such stories had become. She had simply stared at him, the fact was so very clear. "Why, it's the war," she said. "People are just much meaner since the war." And when his rebuke had moved on to the matter of the maid Margaret, Lucy had said in the most matter-of-fact way, "Why, she just hates us." And she had shocked Elwin by giving, just like any middle-class housewife, a list of all the precious things Margaret had broken. "And observe," Lucy had said, "that never once has she broken anything cheap or ordinary, only the things I've pointed out to her that needed care."

Elwin had to admit that the list made a case. Still, even if the number of the green Wedgwood coffee cups had been much diminished, cups for which Elwin himself had a special fondness, and even if the Persian bowl had been dropped and the glass urn they had brought from Sweden had been cracked in the sink, they must surely not talk of such things. The very costliness of the objects which proved Margaret's animosity, the very affection which the Elwins felt for them, made the whole situation impossible to consider.

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Lucy must indeed have been unaware of how deeply her husband resisted her carelessness in these matters and of what her daughter was now feeling. Otherwise she would not have begun her story, her eyes narrowing in anger at the recollection, "Oh, such a rotten thing happened on the way home on the bus."

It was Elwin who had had the thing happen on the bus, not quite "rotten" but sufficiently disturbing, and he was startled, as if his wife's consciousness had in some way become mixed up with his own in a clairvoyant experience. And this feeling was not diminished as Lucy told her story about a young woman who had asked the conductor a question. It was a simple, ordinary question, Lucy said, about what street one transferred at. The conductor at first had not answered, and then, when he came around again and the question was asked again, he had looked at the young woman—"looked her straight in the face," Lucy said—and had replied in a loud voice, "Vot deed you shay?"

"Mother!" cried Margaret. Her voice was all absolute childish horror.

Elwin at once saw what was happening, but Lucy, absorbed in what she had experienced, only said mildly, "What's the matter, dear?"

"Mother!" Margaret grieved, "you mustn't do that." Her face was quite aghast and she was standing stiff with actual fright.

"Why, do what, Margaret?" said Lucy. She was troubled for her daughter but entirely bewildered.

"Make fun of—fun of—" But Margaret could not say it.

"Of Jews?" said Elwin in a loud, firm, downright voice.

Margaret nodded miserably. Elwin said with enough sharpness, "Margaret, whatever makes you think that Lucy is making fun of Jews? She is simply repeating——"

"Oh," Margaret cried, her face a silly little moon of gratitude and relief. "Oh," she said happily, "What the woman said to the conductor!"

"No, Margaret. How absurd!" Lucy cried. "*Not* what the woman said to the conductor. What the conductor said to the woman."

Margaret just sat there glowering with silence and anger.

Elwin said to Margaret with a pedagogic clearness and patience, "The conductor was making fun of the woman for being Jewish."

"Not at all," Lucy said, beginning to be a little tried by so much misunderstanding. "Not at all, she wasn't Jewish at all. He was insulting her by pretending that she was Jewish."

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Margaret had only one question to ask. "The *conductor?*" she cried with desperate emphasis.

And when Lucy said that it was indeed the conductor, Margaret said nothing, but shrugged her shoulders in an elaborate way and made with her hands a large grimace of despairing incomprehension. She was dismissing the grownups by this pantomime, appealing beyond all their sad nonsense to her own world of sure right reason. In that world one knew where one was, one knew that to say things about Jews was bad and that working men were good. And *therefore.*

Elwin, whose awareness was all aroused, wondered in tender amusement what his daughter would have felt if she had known that her gesture, which she had drawn from the large available stock of the folk-culture of children, had originally been a satiric mimicry of a puzzled shrugging Jew. The Margaret who stood there in sullenness was so very different from the Margaret who, only a few minutes before, had looked at the picture with him and had seemed, almost, to be teaching him something. Now he had to teach her. "That isn't a very pretty gesture," he said. "And what, please, is so difficult about Lucy's story? Don't you believe it?"

A mistake, as he saw at once. Margaret was standing there trapped—no, she did not believe it, but she did not dare say so. Elwin corrected himself and gave her her chance. "Do you think Lucy didn't hear right?"

Margaret nodded eagerly, humbly glad to take the way out that was being offered her.

"We studied the transit system," she said by way of explanation. "We made a study of it." She stopped. Elwin knew how her argument ran, but she herself was not entirely sure of it. She said tentatively, by way of a beginning, "They are underpaid."

Lucy was being really irresponsible, Elwin thought, for she said in an abstracted tone, as if she were musing on the early clues of an interesting scientific generalization, "They hate *women*—it's women they're always rude to. Never the men." Margaret's face flushed, and her eyes darkened at this new expression of her mother's moral obtuseness, and Elwin felt a quick impatience with his daughter's sensitivity—it seemed suddenly to have taken on a pedantic air. But he was annoyed with Lucy too, who ought surely be more aware of what her daughter was feeling. No doubt he was the more annoyed because his own incident of the bus was untold and would remain untold. But it was Lucy who saved the situation she had created. She suddenly remembered the kitchen. She hurried out, then came back, caught Margaret by the arm in a bustle of haste and said, "Come

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and hurl the salad." This was a famous new joke in the family. Elwin had made it, Margaret loved it. It had reference to a "tossed green salad" on a pretentious restaurant menu. Of the salad, when it was served to them in all its wiltedness, Elwin had said that apparently it needed to be more than tossed, it needed to be hurled.

And so all at once the family was restored, a family with a family joke. Margaret stood there grinning in the embarrassment of the voluptuous pleasure she felt at happiness returned. But she must have been very angry with her mother, for she came back and pulled Elwin's head down and whispered into his ear where he would be able to find and inspect the presents she had for Lucy's birthday next week.

He was to look for two things. In the top left-hand drawer of Margaret's desk he would find the "bought present" and on the shelf in the clothes closet he would find the "made present." The bought present was a wallet, a beautiful green wallet, so clearly expensive that Elwin understood why his daughter had had to tease him for money to supplement her savings, and so adult in its expensiveness that he had to understand how inexorably she was growing up.

The made present was also green, a green lamb, large enough to have to be held in two hands, with black feet and wide black eyes. The eyes stared out with a great charming question to the world, expressing the comic grace of the lamb's awkwardness. Elwin wondered if Margaret had been at all aware of how much the lamb was a self-portrait. When Elwin, some two years before, had listened to his daughter playing her first full piece on the recorder, he had thought that nothing could be more wonderful than the impervious gravity of her face as her eyes focussed on the bell of the instrument and on the music-book while she blew her tune in a daze of concentration; yet only a few months later, when she had progressed so far as to be up to airs from Mozart, she had been able, in the very midst of a roulade, with her fingers moving fast, to glance up at him with a twinkling, sidelong look, her mouth puckering in a smile as she kept her lips pursed, amused by the music, amused by the frank excess of its ornamentation and by her own virtuosity. For Elwin the smile was the expression of gay and conscious life, of life innocently aware of itself and fond of itself, and, although there was something painful in having to make the admission, it was even more endearing than Margaret's earlier gravity. Life aware of itself seemed so much more life.

His daughter's room was full of life. His own old microscope stood on Margaret's desk and around it was a litter of slides and of

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the various objects from which she had been cutting sections, a prune and a dried apricot, a sliver of wood, a piece of cheese and what seemed to be a cockroach. There were tools for carving wood and for cutting linoleum blocks. The books were beginning to be too many for the small bookshelf, starting with *The Little Family* and going on to his own soiled copy of *The Light That Failed* that Margaret had unearthed. There was her easel and on one wall was a print of Picasso's trapeze people in flight, like fierce flames, and on another wall one of Benton's righteous stylizations, both at home, knowing nothing of their antagonism to each other. The dolls were no longer so much to the fore as they once were, but they were still about, and so was the elaborate doll's house which contained in precise miniature, accumulated over years, almost every object of daily living, tiny skillets, lamps, cups, kettles, packaged groceries. Surrounded by all that his daughter made and did and read, Elwin could not understand how she found the time. And then, on the thought of what time could be to a child, there came to him with more painful illumination than usual, the recurrent sentence. "No young man believes he shall ever die." And he stood contemplating the room with a kind of desolation of love for it.

Margaret burst in suddenly as if she were running away from something—as indeed she was, for her eyes blazed with the anger she was fleeing. She flung herself on the bed, ignoring her father's presence.

"Margaret, what's the matter?" Elwin said.

But she did not answer.

"Margaret!" There was the note of discipline in his voice. "Tell me what the matter is."

She was not crying, but her face, when she lifted it from the pillow, was red and swollen. "It's mother," she said. "The way she talked to Margaret."

"To Margaret? Has Margaret come?"

"Yes, she came." The tone implied: through flood and fire. "And mother—oh!" She broke off and shook her head in a rather histrionic expression of how impossible it was to tell what her mother had done.

"What did she say that was so terrible?"

"She said—she said, 'Look here——' " But Margaret could not go on.

Lucy strode into the room with quite as much impulse as Margaret had and with eyes blazing quite as fiercely as her daughter's. "Look here, Margaret," she said. "I've quite enough trouble with

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that Margaret without your nonsense. Nobody is being exploited in this house and nobody is being bullied and I'm not going to have you making situations about nothing. I'm sure your Miss Hoxie is very sweet and nice, but you seem to have got your ideas from her all mixed up. You weren't that way about Millie when she was with us. As a matter of fact," Lucy said with remorseless irony, "you were often not at all nice to her."

Margaret had not heard the end of Lucy's speech. At the mention of Miss Hoxie in the tone that Lucy has used—"your Miss Hoxie"—at the sacred name of her teacher blasphemously uttered, she looked at her mother with the horror of seeing her now in her true terrible colors. The last bond between them had snapped at this attack upon her heart's best loyalty.

But Lucy was taking no account of finer feelings. She closed the door and said firmly, "Now look here, the simple fact is that that Margaret is a thoroughly disagreeable person, a nasty, mean person."

"Oh, she is not," Margaret wailed. And then, despite all her passion, the simple fact broke in upon her irresistibly. Elwin's heart quite melted as he saw her confront the fact and struggle with it. For the fact was as Lucy had stated it, and he himself at that moment had to realize it. And it was wonderful to see that Margaret's mind, whatever the inclination of her will, was unable to resist a fact. But the mind that had momentarily deserted her will, came quickly again to its help. "She's not responsible," she said desperately. "It's not her fault. She couldn't help it. Society——" But at that big word she halted, unable to handle it. "We can't blame her," she said defiantly but a little lamely.

At that moment Lucy saw the green clay lamb that Elwin was still holding. She rushed to it and took it and cried, "Margaret, is this yours? I've never seen it, why didn't you show it to me?"

It was, of course, a decided point for Margaret that her birthday surprise was spoiled. She sat there looking dry and indifferent amid the ruins of family custom. Elwin said, "It's a birthday present for you, Lucy. You weren't supposed to see it," and their glances met briefly. He had been a little treacherous, for he could have managed to put the lamb out of sight, but some craftiness, not entirely conscious, had suggested its usefulness for peace.

"It's so *lovely,*" Lucy said. "Is it really for me?"

Margaret had to acknowledge that it was, but with an elaborate ungraciousness from her bruised and empty heart. Her mother might have the gift, meaningless as it now was. But Lucy was in a flood of thanks and praise impossible to withstand—it was lovely, she said,

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to have a gift in advance of her birthday, it was something she had always wanted as a child and had never been able to induce her parents to allow, that she should have one, just one, of her presents before the others, and the lamb itself was simply beautiful, quite the nicest thing Margaret had ever made. "Oh, I love it," she said, stroking its face and then its rump. "Why darling!" she cried, "it looks exactly like you!" And Margaret had to submit to the child's pain at seeing the eminence of grief and grievance swept away. But at last, carried beyond the vacant moment when the forgiving and forgiven feeling had not yet come, she sat there in an embarrassed glow, beaming shyly as her mother kissed her and said quietly and finally, "Thank you."

When they were in the dining-room, all three of them feeling chastened and purged, Lucy said, "I must have it here by my place." And she put the lamb by her at the table, touching its cheek affectionately.

The dinner that Lucy had cooked was served by the other Margaret. She was a tall, rather light colored girl, with a genteel manner and eyebrows that were now kept very high. As she presented the casserole to Lucy, she looked far off into a distance and stood a little too far away for convenience. Lucy sat there with the serving spoon and fork in her hand and then said, "Come a little closer, Margaret." Margaret Elwin sat rigid, watching. Margaret the maid edged a little closer and continued her gaze. She moved to serve Elwin but Lucy said, "It's Margaret you serve next." Her tone was a little dry. Margaret Elwin flushed and looked mortified. It had been a matter of some satisfaction that she was now of an age to be served at table just after her mother, but she hated to have a point made of it if Margaret objected, and Margaret did seem to object and would not accept the reassuring smile that was being offered her over the casserole.

In the interval between the serving of the casserole and the serving of the salad that had once that evening made the family peace, Margaret held her parents with a stern and desperate eye. But she was unable to suppress a glance her mother sent to her father, a glance that had in it a touch of mild triumph. And her father did not this time fortify himself against it. The odds were terribly against her and she looked from one to the other and said in an intense whisper, "It's not her fault. She's not responsible."

"Why not?" Elwin asked.

It was his voice that made the question baffling to Margaret. She did not answer, or try to. It was not merely that the question was, for the moment, beyond her powers. Nor was it that she was puzzled

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because her father had seemed to change sides. But she was touched by the sense, so little formulated, so fleeting as scarcely to establish itself in her memory, that something other than the question, or the problem itself, was involved here. She barely perceived, yet she did perceive, her mother's quick glance at her father under lowered lids. It was something more than a glance of surprise. Neither Margaret nor Lucy, of course, knew anything about the sentence from Hazlitt. But this was one of the moments when the sentence had occurred to Elwin and with it the explosion of light. And his wife and daughter had heard the event in his voice. For Elwin an illumination, but a dark illumination, was thrown around the matter that concerned them. It seemed to him—not suddenly, for it had been advancing in his mind for some hours now—that in the aspect of his knowledge of death, all men were equal in their responsibility. The two bus conductors, Lucy's and his own, the boy with his face contorted in rational rage against the injustice he suffered, Margaret the maid with her genteel malice—all of them, quite as much as he himself, bore their own blame. Exemption was not given by age or youth, or sex, or color, or condition of life. It was the sense of this that made his voice so strange at his own dinner-table, as if it came not merely from another place but another time.

"Why not?" he said again. "Why not, Margaret?"

Margaret looked at her father's face and tried to answer. She seriously marshalled her thoughts and, as always, the sight of his daughter actually thinking touched Elwin profoundly. "It's because —because society didn't give her a chance," she said slowly. "She has a handicap. Because she's colored. She has to struggle so hard—against prejudice. It's so *hard* for her."

"It's true," Elwin said. "It's very hard for her. But it's hard for Millie too." Millie had been with the Elwins for nearly seven years. Some months ago she had left them to nurse a dying sister in the South.

Margaret of course knew what her father meant, that Millie, despite "society," was warm and good and capable. Her answer was quick, too quick. "Oh, Millie has a slave-psychology," she said loftily.

Really, Elwin thought, Miss Hoxie went too far. He felt a kind of disgust that a child should have been given such a phrase to use. It was a good school, he approved of its theory; but it must not give Margaret such things to say. He wondered if Margaret had submitted the question of Millie to Miss Hoxie. If she had, and if this was the answer she had been given, his daughter had been, yes, corrupted. He said, "You should not say such things about Millie. She is a good

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loyal person and you haven't any right to say she is not."

"Loyal!" said Margaret in triumph. "Loyal!"

"Why yes. To her sister in Alabama, Margaret, just as much as to us. Is it what you call slave-psychology to be loyal to your own sister?"

But Margaret was not to be put down. She kept in mind the main point, which was not Millie but the other Margaret.

"I notice," she said defiantly, "that when Millie sends you parts of the money you lent her, you take it all right."

Poor child, she had fumbled, and Elwin laid his hand on hers on the table. "But Margaret! Of course I do," he said. "If I didn't, wouldn't that be slave-psychology? Millie would feel very lowered if I didn't take it."

"But she can't afford it," Margaret insisted.

"No, she can't afford it."

"Well then!" and she confronted the oppressor in her father.

"But she can't afford not to. She needs it for her pride. She needs to think of herself as a person who pays her debts, as a responsible person."

"I wonder," Lucy said, "I wonder how Millie is. Poor thing!" She was not being irrelevant. She was successful in bringing her husband up short. Yes, all that his "wisdom" had done was to lead him to defeat his daughter in argument. And defeat made Margaret stupid and obstinate. She said, "Well, anyway, it's not Margaret's fault," and sat sulking.

Had he been truly the wise man he wanted to be, he would have been able to explain, to Margaret and himself, the nature of the double truth. As much as Margaret, he believed that "society is responsible." He believed the other truth too. He felt rather tired, as if the little debate with Margaret had been more momentous than he understood. Yet wisdom, a small measure of it, did seem to come. It came suddenly, as no doubt was the way of moments of wisdom, and he perceived what stupidly he had not understood earlier, that it was not the other Margaret but herself that his Margaret was grieving for, that in her foolish and passionate argument, with the foolish phrases derived from the admired Miss Hoxie, she was defending herself from her own impending responsibility. Poor thing, she saw it moving toward her through the air at a great rate, and she did not want it. Naturally enough, she did not want it. And he, for what reason he did not know, was forcing it upon her.

He understood why Lucy, when they had risen from the table,

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made quiet haste to put her arm around Margaret's shoulders as they went into the living-room.

They were sitting in the living-room, a rather silent family for the moment, when the other Margaret stood in the doorway. "You may as well know," she said, "that I'm through here." And she added, "I've had enough."

There was a little cry, as of horror, from Margaret. She looked at her parents with a bitter and tragic triumph. Lucy said shortly, "Very well, Margaret. Just finish up and I'll pay you." The quick acceptance took the maid aback. Angrier than before, she turned abruptly back into the dining room.

For the third time that evening, Margaret Elwin sat in wretched isolation. Her father did not watch her, but he knew what she felt. She had been told *she* might go, never to return. She saw the great and frightening world before her. It was after all possible so to offend her parents that this expulsion would follow. Elwin rose to get a cigarette from the table near the sofa on which Margaret sat and he passed his hand over her bright hair. The picture of the king with the flower in his hand was in the other corner of the sofa.

It was as Elwin's hand was on his daughter's head that they heard the crash, and Elwin felt under his hand how Margaret's body experienced a kind of convulsion. He turned and saw Lucy already at the door of the dining room, while there on the floor, in many pieces, as if it had fallen with force, lay the smashed green lamb, more white clay showing than green glaze. Lucy stooped down to the fragments ,examining them, delicately turning them over one by one, as if already estimating the possibility of mending.

The maid .Margaret stood there, a napkin in her hand clutched to her breast. All the genteel contempt had left her face. She looked only frightened, as if something was now, at last, going to be done to her. For her, almost more than for his own Margaret, Elwin felt sad. He said, "It's all right, Margaret. Don't worry, it's all right." It was a foolish and weak thing to say. It was not all right, and Lucy was still crouching, heartbroken, over the pieces. But he had had to say it, weak and foolish as it was.

"Ah, darling, don't feel too bad," Lucy said to her daughter as she came back into the living-room, tenderly holding the smashed thing in her hand.

But Margaret did not answer or even hear. She was staring into the dining-room with wide, fixed eyes. "She meant to do it," she said. "She *meant* to do it."

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"Oh, no," Lucy said in her most matter-of-fact voice. "Oh, no, dear. It was just an accident."

"She meant to do it, she meant to do it." And then Margaret said, "I *saw* her." She alone had been facing into the dining-room and could have seen. "I saw her—with the napkin. She made a movement," and Margaret made a movement, "like this . . . "

Over her head her parents' eyes met. They knew that they could only offer the feeble lying of parents to a child. But they were determined to continue. "Oh, no," Elwin said, "it just happened." And he wondered if the king, within his line of vision as he stood there trying to comfort his daughter, would ever return to the old, fine, tragic power, for at the moment he seemed only quaint, extravagant and beside the point.

"She meant to. She didn't like me. She hated me," and the great sobs began to come. But Elwin knew that it was not because the other Margaret hated her that his Margaret wept, but because she had with her own eyes seen the actual possibility of what she herself might do, the insupportable fact of her own moral life. She was weeping bitterly now, her whole body shaking with the deepest of sobs, and she found refuge in a corner of the sofa, hiding her head from her parents. She had drawn up her knees, making herself as tight and inaccessible as she could, and Elwin, to comfort her, sat on what little space she allowed him on the sofa beside her, stroking her burrowing head and her heaving back, quite unable, whatever he might have hoped and wanted, to give her any better help than that.

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PRESENTATION

Let us *not* sleep. Having come this far away on nerves,
On passion of puppets, prayers so less than saintly, let us not relax
Or we disintegrate. Let us rise and see the many mansions prepared for us,
Take the tour, and if anyone asks questions, the word is PAX.

There should be forms and questionnaires, we may be told to leave
All cameras and umbrellas in the entry. We have been subjected to a lot,
With others' fingers where our own belong only in secret, lights in our noses,
Lenses on our spinal cord and brain. And questioned, "Do girls make you hot?"

We'll come clean. In fact there are things we'll insist be told about us,
And if the scales (there are always scales) do not balance exact,
We'll throw on a couple of bayonets, hand grenades or cartridges,
Claim benefit of doubt for post-bellum bonus in the face of facts.

What do they add up to, our weight at birth, our parents' age
Or previous marriage or affairs, our first sun-yellow rompers
With the band of ducks, or first blue sailorsuit with the fly in front,
Or how we said *Wee Willie Winkie* from the stairs in night jumpers?

We have not made children of our own. We have left our names
Only on trunks of willows under whose flaunting hands we learned love,
And on so-called Honor Rolls knee-deep in canna lilies in town parks.
Oh, life has been fair, we met squarely, we both wore the gloves.

But take our final profile and let us wander where we would:
If I seek Orpheus, is there hope I may succeed, meet Chopin whom I like,
Meet Edward Munch with smoking candle on a bridge?: these raw O.D.'s
Of course I'll soon slash off, and bloom in silks and laces from Van Dyke.

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Enter my name and take these data: born to eat, to chill
Deliciously on sounds of Brahms, to like fine fragile minor things
like bells
Of filigree, and crystals worn with velvet or furs, and be struck sad
forever
By movies like *Wuthering Heights* and wet hay and bergamot smells.

Gone are the celery gardens and the thrilling snakes in the carrots,
The basement mushroom beds, strawberries in a cold November,
And Mother panicked before a tumbling storm, frightened for the
lonely children . . .
I see it all through the brush of Brueghel, done in black and green
and umber.

Mark the velvet steps by the county home through four long winters.
Add the seasons of lectures, concerts, plays, and label this *learning*.
Consider the job with NYA a lesson too. And when I submit the roster
of friends
Who salted my blood, my magnified file should be ready for burning.

Then that's that. We took our direction from our first spoken testimony
Following the immaculate immersion sealed by the laying on of hands.
Our purpose has been our knowing, we carried our faith to an end . . .
note it.
We promise mighty indignation if the faith explicit in our passing
is not kept to fortify these lands.

Tabulate our scores. Allow good conduct passes on our patient action,
and we'll go
To join the influences for good which crowd the upper air of earth
And sing, at times like Christmas, how all men are brothers,
Peace should be—and damn quick!— with added charity, hope and
mirth.

JON BECK SHANK

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Parties, Movements, and Classes

HANNAH ARENDT

THE FIRST World War, the war to end war, ended with a peace which ended peace. The Second and Total War, the war to liberate peoples, has ended with the total abolition of national sovereignty for all but the Big Three—or rather the Big Two—and with a global fear of a Last War which, according to Hobbes, would "provide for everybody by Victory or by Death." In the meantime the European governments are busy restoring their national states on the ruins of national sovereignty. And the more the real relationships of power make national sovereignty a mockery, the more they care about its appearance, called prestige.

This means that the business of restoration had to begin in the sphere of foreign policy—with the creation of new frontier conflicts, with urgent claims for the full recovery of overseas possessions, with the renewed use of colonial methods in bombing villages out of existence, and so on. All these actions are accompanied by a peculiar change of diplomatic style and manners, or rather by the discarding of both. What is most noticeable is the refusal to compromise or negotiate—once the basic requirement of international relationships—and a corresponding eagerness to yield quickly and unhesitatingly to the threat of brutal force.

What makes these policies of exalted claims and equally exalted obedience even more fantastic is the utterly disintegrated political structure from which they are seemingly derived. It is true that chauvinism has ever been the sure sign of decay of the body politic and that a nation in a state of decomposition provides fertile soil for the growth of imperialism. But what yesterday was still the attempt to maintain a badly damaged structure by enlarging its facade, has become today, when the entire building is in ruins, the insane determination to replace the ruined building with a castle in the air. It would seem as if the course embarked upon by the European peoples many decades ago when they adopted imperialist methods and programs keeps dictating its own laws without any consideration for reason or common sense or even mere self-preservation, for so far

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none of these nations have decided to put internal consolidation before foreign adventures. But this very blindness, far from being accidental or caused by the romanticism or chauvinism of a few leading personalities, proves that the internal structure of the national state system, badly damaged before the war, is now destroyed beyond repair.

The attempt to restore the status quo has been launched with such wild outbursts of hatred and aggression because of the assumption that only German and foreign domination generally had brought about the collapse. But these chauvinistic attitudes are calculated to make us forget the two leading aspects of the European catastrophe, namely, the extraordinary ease with which the Germans won their victories and the existence of the fifth columns which were nothing but the inter-European branches of the Fascist movement. The Fascists are treated as traitors, in the old national sense of the word, in order to avoid a situation of civil war. And the fact that it would take decades to bring so many "traitors" to trial in an orderly and lawful way is not considered an argument against the absurdity of the whole concept but is converted rather into a reason for clemency.

The internal structure of the national state was based upon the national homogeneity of the country and the social division of the people into classes. Parliament was supposed to represent various class interests and at the same time to express the will of the nation as a whole. Yet nowhere in Europe today, with the exception of Great Britain (which, strictly speaking, is not Europe) do we find a nationally homogeneous population. (Even France, the nation par excellence, has now what twenty years ago would have been called a minority problem, since ten percent of its population is foreign.) The European class-system is decisively undermined. The tremendous population transfers which started in Eastern Europe and upon which some governments have pinned their hopes in their desperate attempts to create national states may create unspeakable misery and anarchy all over the Continent. It will hardly give the countries of mixed populations a homogeneity which they never had, and which even their luckier Western neighbors no longer enjoy. The restoration of the old party-system, on the other hand, through which the Western European countries are trying to restore the structure of the national state, may at the very best result in recreating that pre-war situation when the old parties and their class-affiliations lost more and more of their political significance, were more and more replaced by those new political organizations which call themselves "movements" and lack any clear-cut class foundation. It certainly will not be able to instill new life into a class-system which is going to pieces.

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The continental party-system ceased to be a working device of political life long before the war. Its decay was not caused by any external forces, but rather by a growing incapacity to face the major political issues of the time. The tremendous success of the modern movements was due to the fact that they no longer appealed to classes. The Communists learned from the Fascists the secret of political success in this period, and under the pretext of enlarging their class-basis they entered the competition to capture the growing masses of modern society that stand outside all class-strata. These declassed groups, composed from the beginning of individuals from all strata of society, have continued to increase since the end of the last century, until, after the great crisis of unemployment of the Twenties and the Thirties, they seemed to be almost a majority in all European countries, and they produced their most politically conscious representatives. Since the days of the Dreyfus affair, there has hardly been a single political movement of any importance that did not start outside the party-system and in hostility to Parliament. Parliament was felt to represent the people in appearance only.

As chauvinistic insistence on prestige is all that is left of national sovereignty, so—with some exaggeration—senile parties are all that is left of the national class-system. This disappearance of classes makes itself felt today in all spheres of European life. But it has become most tangible in the appearance of those millions and millions of people, who under the name of displaced or stateless persons, have been put outside all laws and outside all classes. Also, these entirely new groups are not simply the product of this war but an extension of a phenomenon that came into existence after the Russian Revolution.

2.

The disintegration of the party-system became apparent through the rise of the Fascist and Communist movements. Both these movements soon succeeded in robbing all the other parties of their original position with respect to one another. We all know, for example, how the French Right which always had been strongly pro-war and anti-German, changed abruptly, after 1933, not only its attitude to Germany but its whole political outlook, becoming the vanguard of pacifism. The Left, on the other hand, switched from a pacifism at any price to a firmer stand against Nazi Germany and was soon accused of being a party of warmongers by the same people who only a year ago had denounced their pacifism as national treachery. (See the careful analysis by Charles A. Micaud, "The French Right and Nazi Germany. 1933-1939.")

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Different in appearance and much more violent in reality was the breakdown of the party-system in pre-Nazi Germany. This came into the open during the last presidential elections in 1932 when entirely new and very complicated forms of propaganda were adopted.

The choice of candidates was itself peculiar. The two modern movements which stood outside of and fought the parliamentary system presented their own candidates—Hitler for the Nazis and Thaelmann for the Communist Party. All other parties had been able to agree upon one candidate, Hindenburg, who enjoyed the matchless popularity which since the times of MacMahon, awaits the defeated general at home. In the face of the two "revolutionary" movements, the differences between the parties obviously had become quite meaningless; they were interested in the mere preservation of the status quo, which guaranteed or was supposed to guarantee their existence to all of them. The symbol for the *status quo* as such became a military man—who had the further advantage of not having much authority of his own—because the military caste always had been supposed to be "above the parties" of the national state and to serve the nation as a whole.

More significant than the choice of the candidates were the posters themselves. None of them offered praise or propaganda in favor of its candidate on his own merits. Instead, the posters for Hindenburg claimed that "who votes for Thaelmann, votes for Hitler," thus warning the workers not to waste their vote on a candidate sure to be beaten (Thaelmann) and to put Hitler into the saddle; these were, of course, the posters of the Socialist party. The posters aimed at the adherents of the Right emphasized that "who votes for Hitler, votes for Thaelmann"—again leaving it to the electorate to draw the necessary conclusion. But the political logic implied in the latter's indirect appeal was different; the poster alluded quite clearly to the few instances in which the Nazis and the Communist party had made common cause, in order to convince the followers of the Right that Hitler did not stand for the preservation of their *status quo*.

In contrast to Hindenburg, whose votes came mostly from the defenders of the status quo at any price (even at the price of unemployment for half the people), the extreme candidates had to reckon with all those who wanted change at any price (even at the price of utter destruction), and these were at least as numerous as the six million unemployed and their families. The Nazis, therefore, did not stop short of the absurdity that "who votes for Thaelmann, votes for Hindenburg," nor did the Communists hesitate to reply that "who votes for Hitler, votes for Hindenburg," although both tried also to

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attract dissatisfied members of the status-quo parties: the Nazis appealed to those of the Right by pretending that "who votes for Hindenburg, votes for Thaelmann," and the Communists to those of the Left by warning the workers that "who votes for Hindenburg, votes for Hitler."

Behind the curious uniformity of methods employed by the supporters of each candidate lay the tacit assumption that the electorate would go to the polls because it was frightened—afraid of the Communists (voting for Hitler), afraid of the Fascists (voting for Thaelmann), or equally afraid of both (voting for Hindenburg). Apparently, many people were frightened by the prospect of the status quo, just as others were by the prospect of radical change. The party-system broke down because all parties, though representing all class groups from the Right to the Left, felt themselves to be in the same boat. The party-system is based on the assumption that each party presents certain interest-groups which through their representatives are bound to struggle against one another until the famous equilibrium of forces or the liberal harmony of interests is attained. The only event that may provide for union—for *union sacrée*—is a foreign war, which in this specific instance was not even a remote possibility. While the alliance of all parties for the defense of the status quo blurred the class divisions of the national state, the class composition of the new movements on the other side of the political scene was no less heterogenous, since their rank-and-file membership was as dynamic and fluctuating as unemployment itself. And while the Left had joined with the Right on the parliamentary scene, the Nazis and the Communists were busy organizing together the famous transportation strike on the streets of Berlin. The old distinctions between Right and Left apparently had lost all meaning.

The next instance of a complete breakdown of the old party-system occurred in France during the year between the Munich-agreement and the outbreak of the war. The obviously all-important political issue of that year was the so-called war question—the question of who was for, who against a war with Hitler. On this, the only relevant issue, however, all parties, from right to left, (with the exception of the Communists and the Fascists) were sharply divided. In each party, there was a (smaller) war faction and a (broader) peace faction. None of them remained united when it came to major political decisions, and none of them stood the test of Fascism without splitting into anti-Fascists on the one side and Fascist fellow-travellers on the other. There were almost as many Fascist fellow-travellers from the old Left as there were from the old German-hating Right. The period

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of collaboration in which members of all parties were involved brought this inner disintegration to its logical end.

The only parties which did not split over the war question were the Communists and the Fascists, the former being the only outspoken supporters of the war even at the price of national ruin, the latter being the only clear-cut defenders of peace even at the price of foreign domination. The point, however, is not merely that the extreme Right had abandoned its traditional nationalism and the extreme Left its traditional pacifism, but rather that these "parties" could count on a membership not disturbed by any change of the political line. This was dramatically exposed during the German-Russian non-aggression pact, when the Fascists had to drop their main propaganda drive against "bolshevism" and the Communists had to switch literally overnight to an all-out peace propaganda without seriously damaging the structure of either party. It is well known how strong the Communists remained after their second volte-face less than two years later, when the Soviet Union was attacked by Nazi Germany. They lost neither the bulk of their leaders nor the bulk of their followers, and this in spite of the fact that both political lines had involved the rank and file in serious and dangerous political activities, demanding of them, under the German occupation, real sacrifices and even martyrdom.

The two modern movements that had remained united while facing the important political issues of the time had grown up outside the traditional party system. And this was not only because of their boisterous hostility to the parliamentary system, but because they had placed themselves from the beginning outside the body politic of the nation, at least in all countries which in the Thirties still retained the traditional political regime. At that time, they were both considered by friend and foe alike as the outposts of a foreign nation's external policy; they were both denounced (and rightly so from a national point of view) as fifth columnists, as traitors to the real interests of their own people. The Fascists and the Communists certainly were not French parties in the sense in which the Radical-Socialists are a French party; they were rather French branches of foreign or "international" organizations whose headquarters were outside the national territory. But repeated denunciations have prevented none of them from increasing in membership, whereas the undoubted national rootedness of the Radical Socialists has not saved them from continual losses.

The point is that these movements, which are "parties" only in name, were the only ones that functioned properly during the recent

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crisis. Their leadership maintained the same authority under any circumstances and with ever-changing programs, although both Communists and Fascists manifestly received these programs from the heads of other nations and acted at all times in accordance with the foreign policies of other and possibly even hostile powers. They functioned like the old parties before the general breakdown, whose discipline and command of loyalty, due to the strong ties of common interests, enabled them to survive all their inconsistencies. Seen within the context of the old party-system to whose rules they would temporarily and for opportunistic reasons more or less conform, the Communist and Fascist "parties" were the only ones that were alive and meaningful to their adherents.

3.

Fortunately this internal disintegration and the rise of the Fascist and Communist movements with their peculiar brand of "internationalism" is not the whole story. Partly in opposition to them, partly even in alliance with the Communists, there rose two movements in Europe during the last decade which were also international without, however, being monopolized by any of the great powers, and which also stood outside the old party-system, not as products of disintegration, however, but rather as attempts at a political re-organization of the people and a new integration of its political institutions. These were the Popular Front during the Thirties and the Resistance movements during the Forties.

The Popular Front, originally a mere propaganda slogan of the Third International, reached its climax of popularity during the Spanish Civil War. It became quickly the first and only great political success of the Left after the defeat of 1933. It swept all Europe and influenced even the illegal opposition groups in Fascist dominated countries. From its rather dubious start as a Communist-dominated alliance of all left parties, it grew quickly into a genuine popular movement that had little to do with parliamentary tactics. After its defeat, it split up, officially into its former party-constituents; a great part of its membership, however, far from going back to their old parties, remained embittered and disappointed, outside all political organizations—an easy prey for the Communists as well as the Fascists.

Among the multiple reasons for the defeat of the Popular Front movement in Europe, only two are important in this context. The first is the well-known story of how this movement was abused by the Communists, who tried to organize it as a mass party of fellow-travellers, and need not be repeated here. The second, however, occurred years earlier and was significant in showing the possible strength

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left in the old party-organizations. The first serious defeat of the movement took place when, during the summer of 1936, the French workers went into the street to claim *des avions pour l'Espagne* and went home with the 40-hours week instead, an ill-timed gift from the Socialist government. At the very moment when they were once more transformed into party members, confident and desiring nothing more than representation of their economic interests, they lost their fight against Fascism. How little, however, the old parties were able to exploit the political vacuum created after the end of the Popular Front, can be seen from the fact that the above mentioned breakdown of the French party-system occurred immediately after its recovery from the Popular Front experiment.

The Resistance may rightly be called the true heir of the Popular Front. It took over not only the principle of proclaiming the people (and not solely classes) the subject of politics, but it inherited the new political enthusiasm which was expressed in the revival of such fundamental concepts of political life as justice, liberty, human dignity and basic responsibilities of the citizen. It inherited, too, the relative indifference to all questions connected with mere class struggle, thus attesting to that remarkable and so far unexplained loss of so-called class-consciousness which has been characteristic of all social strata of pre-war Europe with the significant exception of the bourgeoisie. This fact in itself was a decisive blow to a party-system that after all had grown out of the actual division of the nation into classes and had worked on the principle that the division along economic lines is politically all-important. The furious opposition to the Popular Front and the less violent but not less deep-rooted distrust of the Resistance by orthodox Marxists as well as the bourgeoisie, was, of course, thoroughly characteristic. Both felt that this movement was destroying the very basis of their political existence.

Although the Popular Front and the Resistance transcended the framework of the nation from the very beginning, neither came forward with a program embracing the entire world. The Resistance movements, especially, had come to life simultaneously but fairly independently in all European countries, and it was with the same simultaneity and independence that they developed their ideas of a federated Europe. They consequently tried to know one another, to come to terms with one another, until they became like branches of an inter-European movement, united by similar needs and identical experiences. That they achieved such unity without uniformity under the conditions of a German-occupied Europe shows how deeply they must have felt that none of their problems—the pressing social ques-

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tion any more than that of political re-organization—could now be solved along strictly national lines.

Today the Resistance has become as absorbed in economic questions of the home front and other purely domestic issues, and as apathetic towards the question of Europe as a whole, as the Popular Front was on the brink of its defeat. Again, the old powers try to capitalize on the existing political vacuum, try to restore the old framework, hoping that its very weakness will help them to preserve what power is left to them. This time, they are offered and are accepting the help of the Communists—which certainly adds a new flavor but hardly inspires more confidence in the whole business of restoration.

One of the fundamentals of the national state is its sovereignty, and one of the outstanding reasons for the impossibility of restoring the national state in Europe is the fact that no nation of the old continent is great or strong enough to retain its sovereignty. That these elementary conditions of power no longer exist was first manifested in the remarkable decline of popular nationalistic feelings at the beginning of this war, then in the simultaneous movement of all the resistance groups toward European solidarity. Today there is an almost automatic return to the pre-war mentality in foreign policy. This mentality in the pre-war period was such that despite the immediate threat of a German-dominated Europe, nobody could even attempt an independent political line in foreign affairs, but everybody was either pro-English and anti-German, or pro-German and anti-English, or pro-Russian and against Germany and England. Today, with the defeat of Germany, the picture has changed slightly: for all practical purposes there exists only the dividing line between those who are more or less pro-Russian and those who are pro-English and pro-American. De Gaulle's attempt to create an independent, all-out French policy has ended with his trying to play one side against the other, and he has succeeded only in creating maximum confusion and in provoking the greatest "humiliation" for his country.

This situation, which simply demonstrates that we can have either a federated Europe or a Europe dominated by non-European powers, would be bad enough if confined to the field of external politics. It grows worse, however, as the old distinction between foreign and domestic politics breaks down. This means that on the domestic scene, too, the fronts will be divided between those who are more inclined to accept Russian influence and those who prefer an American or English inspired government, no matter how foolish these view points are in themselves. The point is that all political life shows a tendency to revolve around sympathies or hatreds of peoples, a con-

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dition that poses a constant threat to peace, as it means that every conflict within the nation involves foreign dangers and every disagreement with a foreign government creates a situation of civil war.

These are the conditions which, during the thirties, made possible the success of the Fascist and Communist movements, whose modernity consisted precisely in their having identified domestic with foreign policies. The restoration of the status quo will automatically restore or create "parties" which—whatever their ideologies may be—will be directed and exploited by foreign powers, thereby adding new explosives to a highly inflammable substance. However disturbing and disgusting may be the revived border conflicts which are the first results of restoration, they are but small, very small incidents compared to the dangers inherent in the very nature of the entire situation.

MAKE IT NEW

If you stick in the speaking,
Hang up on your rage
Crackling over the wire,
Mad peacock in a cage.

If you still can't speak,
Call Hallelujah! out loud
To burn the midnight out
With bells of blood.

But when is time not told?
When it's too cold for crying:
Past pain, past vain
Hoping any more, or trying.

And you must simply turn
And walk away, up hill
From the dark damp deep.
The earth is turning still,

Not stopped, not dead at all.
There isn't such a thing.
Then if it is your pleasure,
You may begin to sing —

EMMA SWAN

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The High Sea*

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

HERR PROFESSOR and Frau Hutten opened their eyes, moved their heads experimentally and asked in duet, "How do you feel, my dear?" Comparing notes, they decided their sea sickness was past, they must rise and face the day. Bébé got up and walked about confidently, and when Frau Hutten kissed him on the nose, he responded with a hearty lap at her chin.

The Indian nurse waked Señora Esperón gently and tucked the baby to her breast for the morning nursing. The mother drowsed and waked deliciously to the steady warm mumbling of the ravenous mouth, the long rolling forward surge of the ship, the sleepy beat of the engines. Her pains and fatigues were gone at last. Folded together, mother and baby slept as one in soft animal ease, breathing off sweet animal odors, cradled both like unborn things in their long dark dream. The Indian woman, who slept in her white chemise and full white petticoat, filled her palms with cold water and smoothed her hair, slipped into her skirt, put on her ear rings and necklaces, and lay down carefully, her meek bare feet, pointed and delicate, close together, and dozed again. Now and then she twitched a little, opening one eye. A voice she did not recognize, but believed to be her dead mother's, often called her name in a tone of warning as she slept. "Nicolasa," the voice said, very tenderly as if she were a child again. But it meant to tell her the sad news that she was needed, she must break her rest, she must all day long be ready to do whatever was required of her. She often wept in her sleep because she lived her whole life among strangers who did not know her language, and who never once asked her how she felt.

"Nicolasa," said the soft voice, urgently. She sighed and sat up, and saw that her poor little baby was still asleep and the poor mother, also, but perhaps they would be quieter, would sleep longer, if she kept watch over them. She drooped on the edge of her bed, smiling vaguely at mother and child, and took her rosary out of her pocket. A charm of dried herbs in a cheese cloth bag was attached to the

* This is a passage from a novel in progress, entitled *No Safe Harbor.*

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rosary, and she kissed this before she kissed the Crucifix.

Wilhelm Freytag woke feeling a cooler, fresher wind blowing upon his face. The round bit of horizon shone through the port hole, not clear but a thick cloudy blue. They were six days out, yes, this was Saturday and the ship had settled to her speed such as it was in a beeline across the waters, already, he noticed, putting out his head, a little troubled. It was real sea air, thick yet sweet and mild, and long sooty streamers of cloud trailed from deep blue thunder banks to the east. It seemed late, perhaps he had missed breakfast. The ship's bell clanged. Eight o'clock; time enough if he speeded up a little. Hansen would miss it though. The breathing of deepest slumber stirred behind the curtain, and Hansen's huge feet, with smooth glossy soles and assertive great toes standing apart from the others, stuck out of the bunk as usual. Freytag wondered how he managed in cold weather, and remembered being half-wakened by the noise of Hansen scrambling into bed at what must have been a very late hour. . . . Probably up to something with that Spanish girl he had been dogging from the first.

While he shaved he looked at his ties and selected one, thinking that people on voyage never behave quite as they do on dry land; but nearly always worse or better, and either way, the smallest act shows up more clearly and suffers a sea change, because it has lost its background. The train of events leading up to and explaining it is not there, you can't refer back and set it in its proper size and place. You might learn something about one or two persons, if you took time and trouble, but there was not time enough and it was not worth the trouble; not even that American girl, Jenny Brown, was interesting enough to try to know better. By herself, a nice person, he felt certain; good dancer and full of lively talk that amused you at the moment and didn't mean anything afterward. But that strange young man she was living with gave her personality a dubious cast. What he, Freytag, liked from strangers was an amiable indifference, a superficial pleasantness. This was quite enough for any voyage, any evening at all among strangers, but it is just these things that too many persons know nothing about, he said, by now carrying on a silent, internal conversation with Mary. People on a boat, Mary, can't seem to find any middle ground between stiffness, distrust, suspicion, or a kind of gnawing curiosity. Sometimes it's friendly enough curiosity, sometimes sly and malicious, but you feel as if you were being eaten alive by little fishes. I've never been on a boat, remember, said Mary. Ah, but you will be soon, you will be. Would you believe, I danced with the girl, her name was Jenny Brown, and

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had a drink with her, and a young man she was travelling with made the oddest scene about it. Travelling with? He suddenly realized that even such a harmless episode as that was not the kind of thing he would tell Mary. It was not important enough, it was outside of their lives altogether, he would have forgotten by the time he saw her. He felt his own life within him, something intact with a smooth surface very hard for the fishes to get their teeth in. He would keep away from that girl and her affairs, whatever they were. She was evidently at loose ends, ready for a little excitement. Her way of talking was too personal, too intimate, she asked questions; she wished to confide and explain about herself.

There was nothing he wished to confide or explain to any one but Mary. He was quite simply transporting himself, like something inanimate sent by freight, stored in the hold, until, from the house he had taken and begun to prepare for Mary in Mexico, he should be set down in the house where Mary was waiting for him in Mannheim. In that interval, he had no concern with strangers. When they returned together, the ship and the passengers would still be no business of theirs, for it would be the voyage of their lives. They would never see Germany again, it was no good hoping. Mary must be his native land and he must be hers, and they would have to carry their own climate with them wherever they went; they must call that climate home and try not to remember its real name.

That was the way it would be. Could it be true that he was no longer free to live where he chose, but must stay wherever people could be persuaded to tolerate him? His pride sickened. What a shameful existence for any man, what a doubly shameful existence for a German. No matter what he might say, to that Jenny Brown, for example, about his mixture of bloods, he knew he was altogether German, and the whole world except that one country had been for him merely a hunting ground, a foraging territory, a place to make enough money to go home some day for good. Wherever he had been, there *was* no other country except his own for him, and now he must leave it, and he could not even imagine the end. He knew that on the surface affairs might be made to go well enough for a good while, perhaps he might keep his job as a minor executive of the German oil company in Mexico until the time came to look about for something else. But maybe not after he introduced Mary to the German colony in Mexico City. They would never be deceived by her blonde hair and little tilted nose. They would know she was Jewish as far as they could see her. He had seen it happen before, in all sorts of places, all kinds of company—his mind closed, there

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it was, a thing beyond belief. . . . Well, by the time the thing caught up with them he could pretty certainly find something else as good, or better somewhere else. He might go in business for himself, in Mexico or in South America, perhaps even in New York, but only as a last resort. Facing the perpetual question as he did, his mind turned dry and practical, he could not feel fated, destined for catastrophe; he could not imagine himself as not in complete possession of his own future so far as his own capacities allowed. Surely he and Mary would never be put on a boat, penniless, prisoners, to be sent into another country that did not want them either, like that unbalanced Spanish woman with her confused, senseless story of terror. Poor woman, he thought, but his pity was impersonal, automatic, and he was unable to imagine what was really happening to her, or why. He went up on deck, and saw Dr. Sacher leaning over the rail observing the steerage passengers with a very thoughtful face. He greeted Freytag mildly, and shook his head.

"They seem to be more comfortable this morning," said Freytag. The people were moving sluggishly, but they were moving, busy with their hands, putting things to rights. Some of the men were smoking, and the huge shapeless man in the cherry pink shirt, who had sung as the ship left Vera Cruz, stood among them, legs apart, roaring another song, a few scattered words rising on the wind. Other men rolling up their bundles, or opening canvas chairs, stopped now and then to listen, smiling broadly and joining in a phrase or chorus. The women had managed to wash a few faded shirts and baby rags. A long line of them flapped from a cord hung so low every one had to stoop under it as he crossed the deck. There seemed to be more space and no one was actively sick.

"They will do very well if we don't run into weather," said Dr. Sacher. "Broken arms, legs , heads, maybe necks," he said, looking down at them. "They have no place to make themselves secure, there are too many of them, I see some very sick men down there, and more than a dozen pregnant women. I am hoping the weather holds at least until the Bay of Biscay."

"It is always rough in the Bay of Biscay," said Freytag.

"Yes, but these will all be left safely behind at Teneriffe."

"At least they are going home," said Freytag. Dr. Sacher did not answer. He seemed a trifle gloomy and under the weather himself and barely nodded when Freytag moved away.

David saw Jenny, looking very smooth and fresh, standing at the bulletin board with Mrs. Treadwell. He went straight up and joined them, meaning to take Jenny away and have it out with her. "Why

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hello, David darling" said Jenny, and slipped her arm through his. He gave it a little pressure, and she patted his hand before moving away a step. Mrs. Treadwell nodded, and together they read the thin array of pastimes, already somewhat frayed by repetition: horse races at two o'clock, swimming at all hours, music on deck at five, tea in the bar, a band concert after dinner, dancing on deck later.

The little flags on pins, stuck every day in the map to mark the progress of the voyage, were marching in a curve across the blue field of the Atlantic. "We are really getting somewhere," said Mrs. Treadwell, "I can't sight land any more with my strongest telescope." From the Carribeans to the Canaries would be fourteen days; from the Canaries to Vigo, to Gijon, to Southampton, to Bremerhaven, eight days more or ten perhaps. News dispatches were rather nautical in character and the movements of ships unknown to landlubbers were thought worth mentioning, with passing reference to dock-workers' strikes in San Francisco, New York, Lisbon, Gijon. Passengers advertised on little thumb tacked slips of paper that they had lost or found jewelled combs, down pillows, tobacco pouches, cameras, pocket mirrors. The ship's pool was there with the name of yesterday's winner.

Mrs. Treadwell traced with a bright red finger nail the ship's course on the blue map. She spoke, perhaps to David. "It's true," she said, "we do not stop at Boulogne." Her face was amiable, timid, composed into a smile. He watched her finger gliding into port, into Boulogne.

"And that happens to be the only place I really wish to go," she told him, speaking into the air.

"Then why did you take this ship?" asked David. He waited confidently for some preposterous feminine explanation. She was undoubtedly a woman who lost her keys, missed trains, and mailed letters full of gossip to friends in the wrong envelopes. But she had a reasonable answer.

"The man in Mexico City sold me a ticket for Boulogne and said the ship stopped there," she said, without indignation or complaint. It was, she implied, nothing unusual or surprising. "My ticket reads——"

She opened her purse, explored among a clutter of small objects in metal and leather for a moment, and closed it again without having found what she was looking for. "Where do things go?" she asked herself aloud. "At any rate, it said Boulogne, plainly."

"You haven't lost your ticket?" asked Jenny, in alarm.

"I haven't it with me, but it's about somewhere. I am not the only passenger for Boulogne. Those students. . . . "

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"Montpellier, yes I know," said David.

"I wonder what they mean to do there, what possibly?" asked Mrs. Treadwell.

David asked how they would get there, in the first place. Mrs. Treadwell supposed they would be put off at Southampton and from there——

"It would be nice," remarked Jenny, "if the Captain might just put them off in a life boat, the smallest one, with a little keg of old water and a few stale biscuits and perhaps two oars. I'd like seeing them start out and I feel certain they would get there."

"But I wish to go to Boulogne too," Mrs. Treadwell reminded her, gently.

"Ah, so do I," said Jenny. "The more I think of it, the more I hate going to Germany. That same man in Mexico told us that if we changed our minds about Germany, we could always get a visa from the French Consul at Gijon. That is my hope now."

Mrs. Treadwell turned to David and saw with astonishment that his face was tight and pale and he seemed silently enraged. "How nice," she told him, saying what she had meant to say before she saw his face, "Do you wish to go to Boulogne too?"

"Not particularly," he said, "I am going to Spain."

Mrs. Treadwell felt quite suddenly that she was standing between two people who were throwing stones at each other. She stiffened and smiled, and almost furtively began to move away, covering her retreat with little haphazard statements about the weather and some vague mention of breakfast. Could it have been possible they might have quarrelled there before her? The notion filled her with embarrassment and fright. But as she hurried along, the smile must have remained on her face, for Wilhelm Freytag asked her what she was looking so gay about so early in the morning? She had no idea, she told him, and watched his gaze following David Scott and Jenny Brown, who were disappearing into the ship.

Turning back to her, he suggested breakfast on deck. "Delightful," she agreed, after thinking about it. They settled themselves. The sunlight poured upon them, the waves glittered. Coffee was brought, the trays with smoking lamb chops, honey and hot rolls. The big white napkins reflected softened light on their faces, their momentary well being seemed to cast a pleasant glow forward over the whole unpromising day.

As their fellow voyagers passed, Mrs. Treadwell noticed that at least half of them did not salute each other, not from rancor but from indifference, and remarked to Freytag that the party last evening

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had not seemed to change things much. Freytag said good humoredly that a few little things had happened, just the same, that might make changes in the long run. Mrs. Treadwell privately considered the few little things she had observed and decided that perhaps silence would be, as usual, best.

Herr Lutz, alone and at his ease, peered at their trays. "Ha," said he, wagging his head at them, "Eating again, eh? Three times a day so long as we are lucky, what?"

Mrs. Treadwell's plate seemed to her at once too full, the food somewhat coarse. Freytag was piling butter and honey on his roll. "How true," he responded cheerfully and engulfed the hearty morsel. Too handsome, Mrs. Treadwell decided, too carefully dressed, too healthy entirely, not an idea in his head, and it was a sad fact that often the very nicest Germans wolfed their food. It had been commented upon by travellers through the ages, really. Freytag turned to her innocently, enjoying himself.

"I like breakfast best of all," he told her, "at home we used to have it English style, with all kinds of hot things, chops and scrambled eggs and broiled mushrooms on the sideboard where you helped yourself, with a big urn of coffee steaming away. My wife——"

English style of course, for breakfast, and French style for dinner no doubt, and other imported styles for other occasions, with just now and then a comfortable lapse into native custom. "What a hard-trying people it is," thought Mrs. Treadwell, "and all their style, whether their own or imported, comes out in lumps just the same. "*'Ich bin die fesche Lola',*" she hummed, suddenly, and was interrupted by Freytag's perfectly friendly laugh.

"Where did you hear that?" he asked. "It's a favorite of mine."

"In Berlin, when I was there last," said Mrs. Treadwell, "Marlene Dietrich being comic in her wonderful bull contralto. How much nicer she was then."

He agreed, and added, "My wife collects that kind of disc, we have hundreds." He went on to say what a knack she had for making everybody comfortable, and gay too. "Life, in fact," he said, "goes on easily wherever she is."

Mrs. Treadwell tried for an instant to imagine his life, a moment-by-moment affair, no doubt, running along day and night between four walls, with much hearty lovemaking under the feather quilts, and oceans of food; with a smooth rosy wife on the large scale, pouring out comfort and fun like thick crusty soup into deep bowls, her hair in a braided crown. There would be an occasional theater party; with plenty of wine and beer drinking on birthdays and mar-

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riage anniversaries. She pondered his contentment, based no doubt on lack of imagination and the family custom of hearty breakfasts, while she gnawed her lamb chop lightly and found it delicious.

For all the money she had spent, and the things she had bought, and the places she had been, she could hardly remember ever having been comfortable. Beggars pinch me, she reminded herself, and never for any price will I be able to buy a ticket that will set me down in the place I wish to be. Maybe the place doesn't even exist, or if it does, it's much too late to go there. And my husband preferred sleeping with any chance slut rather than with me, and talked day and night about how he loved me; and if there is a dull man on board ship I am certain to fall into conversation with him. Yet this one looked promising enough when Jenny Brown was hanging on his words. . . .

Freytag had been saying something and she caught the tag of the sentence: "My wife is Jewish, you know, and we are leaving Germany for good. I suppose there is no real hurry, but I just prefer to go while there is time."

"Time?" asked Mrs. Treadwell, without thinking. "What is happening?" Then her heart jumped, she already knew the answer and did not want to hear it spoken.

"Oh, signs and portents," said Freytag, already regretting his words, "Nothing that seems so serious, but we have a habit of watching the weather," he said, and wondered at his weakness in having spoken so carelessly to this stranger.

"You needn't tell me," said Mrs. Treadwell, hastily. "I once knew a Russian Jew who remembered a pogrom—when he was a child. He was six when it happened," she told him, in her gentle light voice, "and he remembered absolutely everything except how he got away. That he did not know at all. Isn't it strange?"

Freytag was silent for so long she turned her amiable smile, somewhat brighter than usual, upon him. He was picking at his thumb nail and looking as if he had got a blow over the head.

"I shouldn't have talked about it," he said, after a while, "I should never say anything about it."

"Perhaps you are right," said Mrs. Treadwell, thinking, What do you expect? what can I do? She moved to put her tray aside. He took it from her and set it on the deck beside his own. They rose.

"That was lovely, having breakfast here," she told him, "It was wonderful of you to think of it." She moved away again, from the threat of human nearness. If she listened, she would weaken little by little, she would warm up in spite of herself, perhaps in

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the end identify herself with the other, take on his griefs and wrongs, and if it came to that, feel guilty as if she had caused them. And it was no good, neither for confidant nor listener. There was no cure, no comfort, tears changed nothing and words could never get at the truth. No, don't tell me any more, I am not listening. I don't want to know you. Let me alone.

Jenny had wakened out of a nightmare and even after her eyes were open she was holding her breast in horror afraid to take her hands away because of the blood on them. Then her mind cleared and the vision dispersed like smoke, she was able to explain quite logically the whole sequence of her dream and its connecting links. Of course. The night before, David had followed her and Freytag about, skulking along, very like a detective collecting evidence for the wronged husband. Freytag had pretended not to notice for a while, but after David had followed them up to the boat deck, the business was much too obvious to ignore. Jenny had said goodnight, and turned away. Instantly David had followed her, he had seized her arm and held on. She had seen at once that he was blind drunk; he would be stubborn, silent, unmanageable, it was best to walk along with him. But she realized very soon that his intentions were otherwise. He was leaning upon her shoulder and regarding her with a desirous eye. And their direction was towards her cabin, not his. She was cold with anger and disgust. She wrenched her arm free, swung through her door and turned instantly to close it in his face. He braced against the panel with his shoulder, and she strained with all her strength on the other side of the door. He gave way suddenly when Elsa, who had started up in fright, cried out, "What are you doing here?" The door closed and Jenny slipped the bolt.

"Don't be nervous," she said to Elsa, "He is only drunk and a little confused."

Oddly enough, Jenny remembered, Elsa had connected the sordid little episode somehow with the notion of Love. She wanted to talk about love. She confessed that she was afraid she might fall in love—she drooled the word, rather, thought Jenny, which is perhaps the right way—love with that beautiful Spanish student, the tall one who sang so well.

"But I dare not let my mother suspect," said Elsa, "Can you imagine what she would say?"

"Oh yes," said Jenny, "I can. And you'd better be careful."

Elsa thought this over for a moment, then she ventured, a little timidly: "I think it must be wonderful to have a man so much

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in love with you. It seems to me sad you must shut him out."

"Sad?" said Jenny. "No, that isn't exactly the word."

After a long time of lying still in the darkness, Jenny slept and lived through again in her sleep something she had seen once in broad day, but the end was different as if her memory had patched together two or three unrelated bits and pieces to contrive a meaning for the whole which the separate pieces lacked. During the first month after she began to live with David, she had gone by bus from Mexico City to Taxco, to look at a house there. At noon of the burning bright day they had slowed down passing through a small Indian village with the little thick walled windowless houses sitting along the road, the bare earth swept before each door. The dust was bitter to taste, the heat made her long for sleep in a cool place.

Half a dozen Indians, men and women, were standing quietly together in the bare spot near one of the little houses, and they were watching something very intently. As the bus rolled by, Jenny saw a man and a woman, some distance from the group, locked in a death battle. They swayed and staggered together in a strange embrace, as if they supported each other; but in the man's right hand was a knife, and the woman's breast and stomach were pierced. The blood ran down her body and over her thighs, her skirts were sticking to her legs with her own blood. With a jagged stone she was beating him on the head and his features were veiled in rivulets of blood. They were silent, and their faces had taken on a saintlike patience in suffering, abstract and purified of rage and hatred in their one holy purpose to kill each other. Their flesh swayed together and clung, their left arms were wound about each other's bodies as if in love. Their weapons were raised again, but their heads lowered little by little, until the woman's head rested upon his breast and his head was on her shoulder, and holding thus, they both struck again.

It was a mere flash of vision, but in Jenny's memory it lived in an ample eternal day illuminated by a cruel sun, full of the jolly senseless motion of the bus, the deep bright arch of the sky, the flooding violet blue shadows of the mountains, her thirst, and the gentle peeping of newly hatched chickens in a basket on the lap of the Indian boy beside her. . . . She had not known how frightened she was until the scene began repeating itself in her dream. And this latest time she had been among the watchers, as if she were at a play, and the two narrow figures were unreal as sculptured wood. Then she observed that their features had changed entirely, the faces were David's and her own, and suddenly she was looking up into David's face, a bloody stone in her hand, and his knife was raised above her breast . . .

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In her relief at waking, and her melancholy in remembering that time when she had been enchanted with David and had believed in their love, she almost wept. The tears rose back of her eyes and dried there. She still believed she loved David, but whatever it was he understood as love was a mystery to her. She believed she thought of love as tenderness and faithfulness and gaiety and a true goodness of the heart to the loved one: she wanted David to be comfortable, she wished to be easy within herself, and though David would seem coldly to devour everything, yet it was as if he were alone, he would not share with her, he would give nothing back. He sulked when she was painting and would not work, but wandered about aimlessly. He did not like her friends, and he made none of his own. He would not listen to music with her, he could not dance, he would not share her moods or make some life of his own she might share, he lived like a prisoner within himself, he would not let the door be unlocked. Her list of accusations grew. They had agreed never to marry because they must be free, marriage was a bondage humiliating to civilized beings: yet what was this tie between them but marriage, and marriage of the worst sort, with all the restraint and jealousy and burden but with none of its warmth and safety, no honest acknowledgement of faith and love? Ah, it was high time to think a little. She had fallen in love with him, recklessly, on sight (why?) and she went over the hurdle at once because she did not dare to think then. Once the hurdle was cleared, she no longer felt reckless, but happy and clear in her feelings and strangely bound to David. She had believed he felt the same, for a year at least she had believed the bond was real and would hold fast. They were going to make a splendid life together.

Little by little she had been dismayed by his stubborn resistance to love, as if it were an enemy force outside them both, his refusal to take part in any plan that would engage him for even the nearest future. She had believed that his silence was a sign of strength and reserve; but when he was drunken he was vulgar and silly, as if the binding strings of his character were cut and he fell apart. She had believed his contemptuous analysis of her friends was the sign of a discrimination superior to her own. Now it seemed to her that David watched and listened so narrowly for the fallacy, the blind spot, the small but certain marks of secret weakness in others because finding them soothed his own fear, his deep uncertainty. Had he always been like that, or was it just his defense against her? Or was he like that and she could not see it because she was so much in love? But what was there to love in him, then? How could she have loved him?

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She began to dress, with a feeling of exhilaration. The long fight was over, the question had been asked, the answer was not what she had hoped for, but it was an answer. We will go on for a while and it will be worse and worse, and we will say and do more and more outrageous things to each other, and one day the final death-giving blows will be struck. Remember you cannot go back, because there is no place to go. The past is never where you think you left it, you are not the same person. The place you are going toward does not exist yet, you must build it when you come to the right spot. Oh God, don't let me forget any more what really happened to me. Don't let me forget.

When she saw David she felt very tenderly towards him. If she could possibly help it, she would not quarrel with him any more. Yet the first words she spoke were full of provocation, she could hear them as they must sound to David. She could not stop herself. As she poured his coffee, she looked about the dining room and greeted every one who entered. "I see all the drunks and sea sicks are up and about," she said, "Even your cabin mates. Do you ever get lonely in there, darling? Ever feel like coming in to visit Elsa and me?"

"Was that it?" asked David. "I knew there was something. Go ahead and tell me." He braced himself with the spurious courage of a man in the dentist's chair.

"That's all," said Jenny. "Unless you can remember something more. You never remember what happens when you're drunk?" she asked. "I think that must be divinely convenient."

He looked down at his plate and said nothing. She studied the very fine clear modelling in the outer corners of his eyes, and the touching inner corners with their thin blue veins. The nose was good, too. The set of the ears. The whole head. She had made hundreds of sketches of his head, trying to catch exactly what she saw, but it was never like; perhaps she could bring it out in color. The face was a curious mixture of sensibility with something very hard and something else very petty: perhaps it was in the mouth. David ate as if there were no God, and he never gained an ounce. There was a starved look about him. She had never even heard of anybody who could sleep as David did, like a dead man; sometimes it was frightening. She would go back on tiptoe to have another look at him, listening to his breathing. On Sundays and holidays, he slept for sixteen hours on end. He would wake looking tired, and as if he never hoped to catch up on his sleep. He loved to loll in water without ever learning to swim, and he could lie sunning himself for hours, idle as a dog. When he drank, deliberately he went on until he was in a stupor. He

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practised all these excesses in a methodical uncommunicative frenzy of sensual enjoyment, and when he made love, Jenny knew he forgot who she was. Yet he still managed to look like a young monk during Lent. He had told her once that his mother had not been able to keep him after she was deserted by his father, she had turned him over to three dreadful old great aunts who never gave him enough to eat. Hunger was in his bones. Vague maternal feelings of the kind she abhorred in herself welled up in her.

"David," she said, in a soft blurred voice, and he saw in surprise the familiar change in her face, the gentle blinded look of abject tenderness which came at the most unexpected times, mysterious but real for the moment, touching and believable.

"What is it, Jenny angel?" he asked, very gently, and waited for her to repent of something, to offer some concession, which later she would take back or deny when her mood had changed and hardened again.

"I am glad you have decided to go to Spain," she said. "Let's go there first. I've always wanted to go to France, I shall always want to go. Any time at all. It will always be there, I have time. But you want to go to Spain now. So let's. I wish we had never drawn those straws."

"It was your idea," said David. "I have a notion we'll land up in France, after all."

"We are going to Germany," said Jenny. "Unless we can get a visa, and the boat stops at Boulogne after all. Those Cuban boys are saying there is an old maritime law—a Captain is bound to put you down at the port you have paid passage to. But the purser told Mrs. Treadwell that the fare is the same from Gijon onward, the ship isn't bound to stop anywhere at all between Gijon and Bremerhaven. And the Captain has said positively we do not stop at Boulogne. So when we get to Bremerhaven, let's toss a coin, once; heads for Spain, tails for France; and let's buy our tickets then and there before something else happens to start us off on another tack." She became very gay at the prospect of settling a question. "Oh David, let's just do this and end the worry. This would be such a nice voyage if only we knew where we were going."

David could not or would not make the decision. "Let's wait," he said, after a long uneasy pause. "I don't know where I want to go."

He had meant to quarrel with her about Freytag; for once he had her fairly in the wrong. She had intended to give a comic and cruel account of his behavior of the night before. But there was no-

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where to begin, no common ground; their separation had begun, the distance between them had widened suddenly. There is no moment of peace, thought David, except in that split second of hope, of belief, even, that now, now you have it. If we go on together, she is going to be unfaithful to me, she is going to have "affairs" as she did before. Why go to Spain? Why go anywhere together? . . . Her life, or what she had told him of it, had been a disordered history of disconnected, apparently meaningless wanderings. "Oh no," Jenny would protest, "it all meant something to me," but what it meant she never said. She could never explain the real reasons for having been in certain places, or what she was doing there. "Why, I was painting, David." "Oh, I had a job there." A man, or men, always lurked somewhere in the background. "Why no, David, of course, I never married anybody." She would never admit that she had loved any man but David, and, more curious still, she would never admit that any man, except perhaps David, had ever loved her. "None of it meant anything at all, David," she would assure him with earnest innocence, "nothing lasted. It was just for the pleasure, David. It wasn't love." She could never understand why, for him, the whole wrong lay precisely there. It should have been love; and, he told himself with bitterness, it isn't love again, I suppose. Maybe it will never be.

It was Sunday morning. At six o'clock Father Carillo was down on the steerage deck, saying Mass before a portable altar adorned with small lighted candles and limp paper flowers. The people knelt and rose and knelt again, huddled shoulder to shoulder, with bowed heads and moving lips, their hands fluttering constantly in a complicated series of the sign of the Cross. Among them all, only six women were in a state of grace. They crawled forward on their knees, their heads shawled in black, to receive Holy Communion. Raising their chins and closing their eyes, they opened their mouths wide and thrust forth their pallid tongues to inordinate lengths to partake of the Angelic Bread. The priest went through the ceremony severely and hastily, placing the wafers on the outstretched tongues expertly and snatching back his hand. He ended the Mass in due form but at top speed, and almost instantly began to pack up his altar as if he were removing it from a place of pestilence.

At the farthest end of the deck from the altar, a considerable group of men who had stood throughout the ritual with their backs to the altar, now faced about and began to disperse. In silence, without any other demonstration, they expressed contempt and anger even in the

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movements of their hands, they exchanged scornful derisory smiles. The fat man in the cherry colored shirt appeared to be the leader. He walked deliberately against a man who was still kneeling, his ragged cap in hand, almost toppling him over. The man got to his feet, put on his cap slouchwise, and squared up to the other, who stopped short, looking down his nose with exaggerated disdain.

"Wipe that look off your face in the presence of the Host," said the man who had been jostled, with extraordinary ferocity.

"I am not in any such presence," said the fat man, "I see a eunuch with a bread pill."

They struck at each other's mouths almost at the same instant, the smaller man leaped and tripped the fat man and they fought with deadly earnestness for a few seconds. Half a dozen men seized and separated them, holding them intently, while the women scattered, crying out and stumbling over each other.

Father Carillo picked up his altar and made for the stairs without even a glance towards the unseemly disturbance. When the men who had fought were freed and standing, there was blood on their faces and their torn clothes. Their eyes, quite murderous and calculating, met for an instant, then they walked away from each other in silence, each mopping his face with a dirty rag, each surrounded by his own friends, or guards, as they had become.

At seven, in the small library off the main salon, Father Garza said Mass attended by the Spanish company, Doctor Sacher, Frau Otto Schmitt and Señora Esperón, who was pale and blotchy and who leaned upon the shoulder of her Indian nurse. They knelt upon the carpeted floor, missing their padded prayer stools, the hot soft wind bringing out drops of sweat on their foreheads. The Spaniards knelt closely together, their bitter faces closed smugly, their dingy slender hands twiddling with their rosaries. Frau Schmitt, observing that the bride and groom knelt at a discreet distance from each other and did not even exchange a glance, approved this delicacy of behavior. She then covered her face with both hands and gave herself up to soft, remembered emotions, a melting, ageless vision of divine bliss to come. Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world, only in thy grace shall my soul be healed. Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners now and in the hour of our death.

Near her, Amparo stirred, rustling her petticoats and rattling her beads, hissing her prayers under her breath. Frau Schmitt, disturbed by the sounds and the stale perfume from Amparo's oiled black hair, moved away on her knees a few paces. But her happy mood was gone. She sat back on her heels, opened her eyes and

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watched Father Garza's formal gestures as he murmured in a low voice . . . .

She stole glances now and then at the Spaniards; they were peculiarly repellant to her, how could any one call such people beautiful? The sight of dear Dr. Sacher, the good and wise man, was comforting to her. She felt she knew him well, ah, he was the kind of man she understood. A tender and sunny memory of her honeymoon at Salzburg rose like a little picture in her mind—Her new and wonderful husband with her in their first room together at the White Horse Inn at St. Wolfgang's; the small white steamer coming in from around the lake, and every one going down to the wharf no larger than a platform, to meet it as if it came from across the sea . . . and the little gilded globes dancing on the fountain at Hellbrun. . . . Ah, those Spaniards with their harsh faces and hating eyes, if they had seen the white marble statue of the Empress Elizabeth at Hellbrun, they would understand what beauty is. . . . This was a sad voyage, her last in the world, maybe, and what a pity most of the people were so unpleasant. She believed so deeply that human beings wished only to be quiet and happy, each in his own way, but there was a spirit of evil in them, they could not leave one another in peace. One man's desire must crowd out another's, one must always take his own good at another's expense. Or so it seemed. God forgive us all.

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Modern Evidence

Dostoevski and Parricide

SIGMUND FREUD

(The following essay by Freud opens a series of texts for the times. This department will include important work by writers of the modern epoch, selected with the aim of affirming the continuity and variety of the modern tradition. Most of the pieces we plan to print are unavailable in English or not accessible to readers in this country. Freud's essay has not previously appeared in America.—The Editors)

FOUR FACETS may be distinguished in the rich personality of Dostoevski: the creative artist, the neurotic, the moralist, and the sinner. How is one to find one's way in this bewildering complexity?

The creative artist is the least doubtful; Dostoevski's place is not far behind Shakespeare. *The Brothers Karamazov* is the most magnificent novel ever written; the episode of the Grand Inquisitor, one of the peaks in the literature of the world, can hardly be over-praised. Unfortunately, before the problem of the creative artist, analysis must lay down its arms.

The moralist in Dostoevski is the most readily assailable. If we try to rank him high as a moralist on the plea that only a man who has gone through the depths of sin can reach the highest heights of morality, we are neglecting one consideration. A moral man is one who reacts to the temptation he feels in his heart without yielding to it. The man who alternately sins, and in his remorse makes high moral demands, lays himself open to the reproach that he has made things too easy for himself. He has not achieved the most important thing in morality, renunciation, for the moral conduct of life is a practical human interest. He reminds one of the barbarians of the great migrations, who murder and do penance therefor, where penitence becomes a technique to enable murder to be done. Ivan the Terrible behaved in exactly this way—in fact, this compromise with morality is a characteristic Russian trait. Nor was the ultimate result of Dostoevski's moral struggles anything very glorious. After the most violent battles to reconcile the impulsive claims of the individual with the demands of the community, he ended up, retrograde fashion, with submission both to the temporal and the spiritual authorities, with veneration for the Tsar and the God of the Christians, and a narrow Russian nationalism, a position which lesser minds have

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reached with less effort. This is the weak point of the great personality. Dostoevski threw away the chance of becoming a teacher and liberator of humanity; instead, he appointed himself its gaoler. The future of civilisation will have little to thank him for. It is probable that he was condemned to such frustration by his neurosis. The greatness of his intellect and the strength of his love for humanity should have opened to him another, apostolic, way of life.

To treat Dostoevski as a sinner and a criminal rouses violent resistance which need not be based on the philistine assessment of the criminal. The real motive soon becomes apparent: two traits are important in the criminal, boundless egoism and a strong destructive tendency, both in conjunction; and the conditions for their expression is the absence of love, the lack of an affective valuation of (human) objects. One immediately recalls the contrast presented by Dostoevski, his great need of love and his enormous capacity for love, which expressed itself in manifestations of superhuman goodness, and enabled him to love and help where he was justified in hatred and revenge—for example, in his relations with his first wife and her lover. That being so, we have to ask whence comes the temptation to reckon Dostoevski among the criminals. The answer is that it comes from his choice of material, which singles out from all others violent, murderous, and egoistic characters, which points to the existence of similar tendencies in his own soul, and also from certain facts in his life, like his passion for gambling, and perhaps the sexual abuse of a young girl (*A Confession*[1]). The contradiction is resolved by the perception that Dostoevski's very strong destructive impulse, which might easily have made him a criminal, was in his life directed mainly against his own person (inward instead of outward), and thus found expression in masochism and the sense of guilt. His personality, moreover, contains sadistic characteristics in plenty, which are expressed in his irritability, his love of tormenting, and his intolerance even towards persons he loved, and which appear also in the way in which, as an author, he treats his readers. That is, in little things he was a sadist to others, in bigger things a sadist to himself, that is, a masochist, who is the mildest, kindliest, most helpful human being possible.

1 See the discussion of this point in *Der unbekannte Dostojewski,* 1926. Stefan Zweig says: "He does not stop before the chambers of bourgeois morality, and no one can say exactly how far he transgressed the bounds of law in his own life, or how much of the criminal instincts of his heroes was realised in him" (*Drei Meister,* 1920). For the intimate relations between Dostoevski's characters and his own experiences, see the arguments in the introductory section of René Fülöp-Miller's *Dostojewski am Roulette,* 1925, which relate to Nikolai Strakhov.

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We have explored three factors in Dostoevski's complex personality, one quantitative and two qualitative: his extraordinary degree of affectivity, the perverse impulsive structure which inevitably marked him out as a sado-masochist or a criminal, and his unanalysable artistic endowment. This combination might very well exist without a neurosis; in fact, there are no neurotic complete masochists. But, according to the balance of forces between the impulse claims and the inhibitions opposing them (*plus* the available methods of sublimation), Dostoevski would still have to be classified as a so-called "impulsive character." But the position is obscured by the presence of the neurosis, which as I have already said, is not in the circumstances indispensable, but which comes into being all the more readily, the richer the complexity which has to be controlled by the ego. For the neurosis is only a sign that the ego has not succeeded in making a synthesis, that it has forfeited its harmony in making the attempt.

How then does the neurosis in the strict sense show itself? Dostoevski called himself an epileptic and was accepted as such by other people, on the strength of his serious attacks, which were accompanied by loss of consciousness, muscular convulsions, and subsequent depression. Now it is highly probable that this so-called epilepsy was only a symptom of his neurosis, and must, accordingly, be classified as hystero-epilepsy, that is, as serious hysteria. We cannot be completely certain on this point for two reasons, first, because the medical data on Dostoevski's "epilepsy" are defective and untrustworthy, and secondly, because our understanding of morbid conditions combined with epileptiform attacks is imperfect.

To take the second point first. It is unnecessary to reproduce here the entire pathology of epilepsy; it would serve no useful purpose. But this may be said. The old *morbus sacer* is still in evidence as an ostensible clinical entity, the mysterious disease with its incalculable, apparently unprovoked convulsive seizures, its changing of the character into irritability and aggressiveness, and the progressive decline of all the mental faculties. But in the last resort this picture flickers and becomes blurred. The seizures, the onset of which is savage, accompanied by biting of the tongue and incontinence of urine, working up to the dangerous *status epilepticus,* may, however, be reduced to brief periods of absence, mere transient loss of consciousness, and may be replaced by short periods in which the patient, under the control of the unconscious, does something foreign to his character. Although otherwise conditioned by purely physical causes in a way we do not understand, the first appearance of the attacks may be due to some purely psychical influence (fright), or, further, they may react to

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psychic stimuli. However characteristic intellectual impairment may be of the overwhelming majority of cases, at least one case is known in which the affliction did not interfere with the functioning of the highest intellectual faculties (Helmholtz). (Other cases of which the same fact is alleged are either uncertain or open to the same objections as that of Dostoevski himself.) Patients who are victims of epilepsy may give an impression of dullness and arrested development, just as the disease is frequently accompanied by the most palpable idiocy and the most serious mental defects, even although these are not a necessary element of the clinical picture. These seizures, however, with all their variations, also occur in persons who show complete mental development, and who, previous to their onset, possess an excessive, generally imperfectly controlled affectivity. It is no wonder in these circumstances that it has been found impossible to determine a single clinical entity, "epilepsy." The similarity of the external symptoms seems to demand a functional conception, as if the mechanism of the abnormal impulsive discharge were organically prepared in advance, to be called upon in quite different conditions, both during disturbances of the cerebral activity due to serious histolytic and toxic affections, and also in case of inadequate control of the psychic economy, the action of the energy working in the soul in a crisis. But behind the division we glimpse the identity of the fundamental mechanism of the impulsive outlet. The same thing must to some extent apply to sexual processes: the earliest doctors called the *coitus* a little epilepsy, that is, they recognised in the sexual act a mitigation and adaptation of the epileptic irritation outlet.

The "epileptic reaction," as this common element may be called, without doubt also places itself at the disposal of the neurosis, the essence of which is to get rid, by somatic means, of masses of stimuli which it cannot deal with psychically. The epileptic seizure is thus a symptom of hysteria; and is adapted and modified by it, as is also done by the normal sexual discharge. It is, therefore, quite right to distinguish between organic and "affective" epilepsy. The practical significance of this is that the person who suffers from the one kind is mentally disordered, and the person who suffers from the other, a neurotic. In the first case, the psychic life is subject to an alien disturbance from without; in the second, the disturbance is an expression of the psychic life itself.

It is extremely probable that Dostoevski's epilepsy was of the second kind. This cannot, strictly speaking, be proved; to do that one would have to be able to fix the first appearance of the epilepsy and the subsequent fluctuations of the attacks in the continuity of his

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psychic life, and for that we know too little. The descriptions of the seizures themselves teach us nothing, our information about the relations between the seizures and Dostoevski's experiences are defective and often inconsistent. The most probable assumption is that the attacks go back to his childhood, that the symptoms were mild to start with, and did not assume epileptic form until after the terrible experience of his eighteenth year, the murder of his father.[1] It would be very convenient if it could be established that the attacks ceased entirely during his exile in Siberia, but other accounts are opposed to this.[2]

The unmistakable connection between the murder of the father in *The Brothers Karamazov* and the fate of Dostoevski's father has struck more than one of his biographers, and has caused them to refer to a "certain modern psychological school." A psychoanalytical consideration—for it is psychoanalysis that is meant—is tempted to see in this event the most serious *trauma,* and in Dostoevski's reaction to it, the crucial point of his neurosis.

But if I undertake to substantiate this idea by means of psychoanalysis, I expose myself to the danger of being unintelligible to all those readers who are unfamiliar with the language and teaching of psychoanalasis.

We have one certain starting-point. We know the meaning of the first attacks from which Dostoevski suffered in his early youth, long before the incidence of the "epilepsy." These attacks had a death

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1 See René Fülöp-Miller's article, *Dostojewski's Heilige Krankheit,* in *Wissen und Leben,* Nos. 19-20, 1924. Of special interest is the information that in the novelist's childhood, "something terrible, agonising and unforgettable" happened, to which the first signs of his disease may be traced (Suvorin in an article in the *Novoe Vremia* for 1881, quoted in the introduction to *Dostojewski am Roulette,* page xlv). Further, Orest Miller in *Dostojewski's autobiographische Schriften* says: "There is, however, another special piece of evidence about Fedor Mikhailovich's illness, which relates to his earliest youth, and brings the illness into relation with a tragic event in the family life of his parents. But, although this piece of evidence was given to me orally by one who was a close friend of Dostoevski, because I can nowhere find confirmation of it, I am unable to make up my mind to give an exact and detailed account of it" (page 140). Biographers and scientific researchers cannot be grateful for this discretion.

2 Most of the accounts, including Dostoevski's own, maintain rather that the illness first assumed a definite epileptic character during the exile in Siberia. Unfortunately there is reason to distrust the autobiographical accounts of neurotics. Experience shows that their memories introduce falsifications designed to break down an unpleasant causal connection. Nevertheless, it appears certain that his time in a Siberian prison markedly altered Dostoevski's morbid state. Cf. *Dostojewski's Heilige Krankheit,* page 1186.

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significance: they were brought on by the fear of death and consisted of a lethargic somnolent condition. The disease first came upon him as a boy in the form of a sudden groundless melancholy, "a feeling," as he later told his friend Soloviev, "that I was going to die on the spot, and this was actually followed by a state exactly similar to real death. . . ." His brother Andrei tells us that in his childhood Fedor used to leave little notes about before he went to sleep; he was afraid that he would fall into a deathlike sleep during the night and begged that his burial should be postponed for five days. (*Dostojewski am Roulette,* Introduction, page lx.)

We know the meaning and intention of such death seizures. They signify identification with a dead person, either one who is really dead, or one still alive whom one wishes dead. The latter case is the more important. The attack has then the value of a punishment. You have wished another person's death, you become that person and are yourself dead. Psychoanalytic doctrine here makes the assertion that this other person for a boy is usually the father; the hysterical attack is thus a punishment for having wished for the death of a hated father.

Parricide is, according to a well-known conception, the chief and primitive crime of humanity as well as of the individual.[1] It is in any case the main source of the sense of guilt; we do not know if it is the only one. Researches have not yet established the psychic origin of guilt and the need for expiation. But it is not necessary for it to be the only one. The psychological position is complicated and requires explanation. The relation of the boy to the father is, as we say, an "ambivalent" one (that is, composed of conflicting feelings of tenderness and hostility). In addition to the hate which wants to remove the father as a rival, a measure of tenderness for him also exists as a rule. Both attitudes of mind combine to produce identification with the father: the boy wants to be in his father's place because he admires him and wants to be like him, and also because he wishes to put him out of his way. This evolution now comes up against a serious obstacle. At a certain moment the child comes to understand that the attempt to remove the father as a rival would be punished by the father with castration. From fear of castration, that is, in the interests of preserving his virility, arises also a wish to possess his mother and to remove the father. So far as this wish remains in the unconscious, it forms the basis of the sense of guilt. We believe that we are here describing normal processes. We have, it is true, to make

1 See the author's *Totem und Tabu.*

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an important amplification in the normal fate of the so-called "Oedipus complex."

A further complication arises when the constitutional factor we call bi-sexuality is more strongly developed in the child. Then, under the influence of the threat to virility by castration, the tendency is strengthened to deflect in the direction of effeminacy, to put oneself in the place of the mother and take over her part as the object of the father's love. Only the fear of castration makes this also impossible. The child understands that he must suffer castration if he wants to be loved by the father as a woman. Thus, both impulses, hatred for the father and being in love with the father, become repressed. There is a certain psychological difference in the fact that the hatred of the father is abandoned in consequence of the fear of an external danger (castration), while the amorous feeling towards the father is treated as an inward impulse danger, although fundamentally it goes back to the above-mentioned external danger.

What makes hatred for the father untenable is fear of the father: castration is terrible, both as a punishment and as the price of love. Of the two factors which repress the hatred of the father, the first, the direct dread of punishment and castration, may be called the normal one, the pathogeneous reinforcement seems to come only with the second factor, the fear of the feminine attitude. Thus a strong bi-sexual predisposition becomes one of the conditions or confirmations of the neurosis. Such a predisposition must certainly be assumed in Dostoevski and shows itself in a possible form (latent homosexuality) in the important part played by male friendships in his life, in his extraordinarily gentle attitude to rivals in love, and in his remarkable understanding of situations which are explainable only through repressed homosexuality, as many examples from his novels show.

I regret, although I cannot alter the facts, that these ideas about these attitudes of hate for and love of the father and their transformation under the influence of the threat of castration, will appear unsavoury and incredible to readers unfamiliar with psychoanalysis. I should expect that it would be the castration complex that would arouse the most general repugnance. I can only assert that psychoanalytic experience has put these relations beyond the reach of doubt, and has taught us to recognise in them the key to every neurosis. This key we must then apply to our author's "epilepsy." So strange to our consciousness are the things by which our unconscious psychic life is controlled! The consequences of the repression of the hatred of the

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father in the Oedipus complex are not exhausted by the foregoing observations.

A new factor is that the identification with the father ultimately compels for itself a permanent place in the ego. It is adopted into the ego, but it there appoints itself a special instance for the rest of the content of the ego. We call it the super-ego, and ascribe to it, the inheritor of the parental influence, the most important functions.

If the father was hard, violent, and cruel, the super-ego takes these characteristics from him, and in its relation to the ego, the passivity which was supposed to have been repressed reestablishes itself. The super-ego has become sadistic, the ego becomes masochistic, that is to say, fundamentally passive like a woman. The ego has a great craving for punishment, which is partly provided by fate and partly finds satisfaction in ill-treatment by the super-ego (consciousness of guilt). Every punishment is at bottom castration, and, as such, a fulfilment of the old passive attitude to the father. Even fate is ultimately only a later father projection.

The normal processes in the formation of the conscience must be similar to the abnormal ones described here. We have not yet succeeded in fixing their boundaries. It will be noted that ultimately the largest share is ascribed to the passive component, the repressed femininity. Moreover, as an accidental factor, it is of importance whether the father, who is feared in any case, was in reality especially violent. This is true in Dostoevski's case, and we shall trace back both his extraordinary sense of guilt and masochistic conduct to a very strong feminine component. Thus the formula for Dostoevski is as follows: a person of particularly strong bi-sexual predisposition, who can defend himself with special intensity against dependence on an especially hard father. The character of bi-sexuality we add to the earlier-mentioned components of his nature. The youthful symptom of the death-like seizures is thus explained as a father identification of the ego, admitted by the super-ego as a form of punishment. You wished to kill your father in order to be your father. Now you are the father, but the dead father. The ordinary mechanism of hysterical symptoms. And further: Now your father kills you. For the ego the death-symptom is a phantasy satisfaction of the male wish, and, at the same time, a masochistic satisfaction; for the super-ego, it is a punishment satisfaction, that is, a sadistic satisfaction. Both of them, the ego and the super-ego, carry on the rôle of the father. To sum up, the relation between the person and the father object, by retaining its content, is transformed into a relation between the ego and the super-ego, a new setting on a fresh stage. Such infantile reactions

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from the Oedipus complex may disappear if reality gives them no further nourishment. But the character of the father remains the same, or rather, it deteriorates with the years, and so Dostoevski's hatred for the father, his wish for the death of this wicked father, is maintained. Now it is dangerous if reality fulfils such repressed wishes. Phantasy has become reality, all defensive measures are reinforced. Dostoevski's seizures now assume an epileptic character; they still of course signify the father identification as a means of punishment, but they have become terrible, like the frightful death of the father itself. What further content they have absorbed, particularly sexual content, escapes conjecture.

One thing is noteworthy. In the aura of the epileptic attack, one moment of supreme happiness is felt, which may very well have been the fixation of the triumph and the liberation felt at hearing the news of the death, to be followed immediately by an all the more cruel punishment. We have divined just such a sequence of triumph and mourning, festive joy and mourning, in the brothers of the primal horde who murdered their father, and we find it repeated in the ceremony of the funeral feast. If it had happened that Dostoevski had been free from his seizures in Siberia, this would only substantiate the view that his seizures were his punishment. He did not need them any longer, when he had been punished in another way. But this cannot be proved. Rather does the necessity of punishment felt by Dostoevski's psychic economy explain the fact that he lived through these years of misery and humiliation without breaking down. Dostoevski's sentence as a political offender was unjust; he must have been aware of this, but he accepted this undeserved punishment at the hands of the Tsar, the Little Father, as a substitute for the punishment he deserved for his sin against his real father. Instead of punishing himself, he let himself be punished by his father's deputy. We glimpse here a proof of the psychological justification of penalties imposed by society. It is a fact that large groups of criminals long for punishment. Their super-ego demands it, thus saving itself from inflicting the punishment.

Everyone who is familiar with the complicated transformation of meaning undergone by hysterical symptoms will understand that no further attempt will be made here, beyond this beginning, to fathom the meaning of Dostoevski's attacks.[1] It is enough that we may

1 See *Totem und Tabu*. The best account of the meaning and content of his seizures was given by Dostoevski himself, when he told his friend Strakhov that the irritability and depression which followed an epileptic seizure were due to

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assume that the original meaning remains unchanged behind all later overlayings. It may be said that Dostoevski never got free from the remorse due to his desire to murder his father. It also determined his attitude to the two other domains in which the father relation is the decisive factor, the authority of the State and religion. In the first he ended up with complete submission to the Tsar, the Little Father, who in reality had once played with him the comedy of murder which his attacks so often preluded for him. Here penitence gained the upper hand. In the religious sphere he retained more freedom: according to apparently reliable reports, up to the last instant of his life, he wavered between faith and atheism. His great intellect made it impossible for him to overlook a single one of the intellectual difficulties to which faith leads. By an individual repetition of historical evolution, he hoped to find a way out and a redemption from guilt in the Christ ideal, to use his very sufferings as a claim to a Christ rôle. That he did not entirely succeed in this and become a reactionary was due to the fact that the universal human filial guilt, on which religious feeling is built, had in him attained to a super-individual strength, and remained insuperable even to his great mind. Here we are laying ourselves open to the objection that we have abandoned the impartiality of analysis, and are subjecting Dostoevski to values which are justifiable only from the partial standpoint of a definite philosophy. A conservative would take the side of the Grand Inquisitor, and judge Dostoevski differently. The objection is just; one can only say in extenuation that Dostoevski's decision appears to have been determined by an intellectual inhibition due to his neurosis.

It can scarcely be mere coincidence that three of the masterpieces of the literature of all time, the *Oedipus Rex* of Sophocles, Shakespeare's *Hamlet,* and Dostoevski's *The Brothers Karamazov,* should all deal with the same subject, a father's murder. In all three, too, the motive for the deed, sexual rivalry for the woman, is laid bare. The most straightforward is certainly the representation in the drama built up on the Greek legend. In it the hero himself commits the crime. But poetic treatment is impossible without softening and disguise. The naked confession of a desire to murder a father, as we

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the fact that he seemed to himself a criminal, and could not get rid of the feeling that he was guilty of an offence unknown to him, that he had committed a terrible evil deed, which oppressed him (*Dostojewski's Heilige Krankheit,* page 1188). In these complaints, psychoanalysis sees a proof of recognition of the "psychic reality," and tries to bring a knowledge of the unknown offence to the surface of consciousness.

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arrive at it in analysis, seems intolerable to people without analytical training. The Greek drama, while retaining the crime, introduces the indispensable toning-down in a masterly fashion by projecting the motive of the hero into the real as a compulsion of destiny external to himself. The hero commits the fatal deed unintentionally and apparently uninfluenced by the woman; the connection is, however, preserved by making the winning of the Queen-mother dependent on a repetition of the deed on the Sphinx, the monster which symbolises the father. After the guilt is revealed to consciousness, the hero makes no attempt to exculpate himself by appealing to the expedient of the compulsion of destiny. The guilt is recognized and punished as a conscious crime, which is bound to appear unjust, but which psychologically is perfectly right. The presentation in the English play is more indirect: there the hero does not commit the crime himself; it is committed by another, for whom it is not parricide. The revolting motive of sexual rivalry for the woman does not, therefore, need to be disguised. Also, we see the Oedipus complex of the hero, as it were, in a reflected light, by learning the effect on him of the mother's crime. He has to avenge the crime, but proves in a very remarkable way incapable of doing so. We know that it is his remorse that cripples him; in a way quite consistent with neurotic processes, the remorse is displaced upon the perception of his inadequacy for fulfilling his task. There are signs that the hero feels this guilt as a super-individual one. He despises others no less than himself: "Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?"

The Russian novel goes a step farther in this direction. Here also the murder is committed by another, but that other is one who stands to the murdered man in the same filial relation as the hero, Dmitri, another, in whom the motive of sexual rivalry is openly admitted, and to whom Dostoevski has most remarkably attributed his own disease, alleged epilepsy, as if he were trying to confess that the epileptic, the neurotic, in him was a parricide. Then follows in the speech for the defence the famous mockery of psychology, which is a double-edged weapon. A magnificent disguise, which has only to be turned round to discover the deepest meaning of Dostoevski's conception. It is not psychology which deserves mockery, but the procedure of judicial examination. It is a matter of indifference who actually committed the crime; psychology is interested only in discovering who desired it, and who welcomed it when it was done, and for that reason, all the brothers are equally guilty, even the sharply-contrasted figure of Aliosha, the impulsive sensual man, the sceptical cynic and the epileptic criminal. In *The Brothers Karamazov* we find one very

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significant scene. The Elder in his conversation with Dmitri has discovered that Dmitri bears in himself a readiness to murder his father, and throws himself at his feet. It is impossible that this is meant as an expression of admiration; it must signify that the holy man is rejecting the temptation to despise or shrink from the murderer, and, therefore, humiliates himself before him. Dostoevski's sympathy for the criminal is in fact boundless: it goes far beyond the pity which the unhappy wretch can claim, and reminds us of the "sacred awe" with which epileptics and lunatics were treated in olden days. The criminal is to him almost a Redeemer, who has taken on himself the guilt which others would otherwise have had to bear. One need not now commit murder, after he has committed murder, but one must be grateful to him, because, without him, one would oneself have to have been a murderer. That is not pure kindliness and sympathy; it is identification on the basis of a similar murderous impulse, in reality a slightly displaced narcissism. This is not to dispute the ethical value of this kindliness. Perhaps the mechanism of kindly sympathy in other men is the same, only it is particularly easy to discern in the extreme case of the novelist, who was ridden by the sense of guilt. There is no doubt that this identifying sympathy was a decisive factor in determining Dostoevski's choice of material. He dealt first with the common criminal—the criminal from egoism—the political and the religious criminal, and not until the end of his life did he come back to the primal criminal, the parricide, and in him made his poetical confession.

The publication of Dostoevski's posthumous papers and of the diaries of his wife has thrown a bright light on one episode in his life, namely the period in Germany when he was obsessed with the gambling mania (*Dostojewski am Roulette*), which it is impossible to regard otherwise than as an unmistakable fit of pathological passion. There was no lack of ways of rationalising this remarkable and unworthy behaviour. As often happens with neurotics, the sense of guilt had taken tangible shape in the form of a burden of debt, and Dostoevski was able to take refuge behind the pretext that he was trying by his winnings at the tables to make it possible for him to return to Russia without being arrested by his creditors. But that was only a pretext; Dostoevski was acute enough to recognise this and honest enough to confess it. He knew that the chief thing was the gambling in itself, *le jeu pour le jeu*.[1] All the details of his impulsively irrational

1 "The main thing is the gambling itself," he wrote in one of his letters. "I swear that greed for money has nothing to do with it, although Heaven knows I am sorely in need of money."

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conduct show this, and something more as well. He never rested until he had lost everything. Gambling was for him also a method of self-punishment. He had time and again given his young wife his promise or his word of honour not to play again, or not to play again on a particular day, and, according to her, he almost always broke it. When his losses had reduced himself and her to the direst need, he derived a second pathological satisfaction from that. He could abuse and humiliate himself to her, invite her to despise him and to regret that she had married an old sinner; and when he had unburdened his conscience in this way, the gambling was resumed next day. The young wife accustomed herself to this cycle, because she had noticed that the one thing which offered any real hope of escape, namely his literary activity, was never more successful than when they had lost everything and pawned their last possessions. Naturally she did not understand the connection. When his sense of guilt was satisfied by the punishments he had imposed on himself, the inhibitions to work ceased to operate, and he allowed himself to take a few steps on the way to success.[1]

What part of long-buried childhood compels its repetition in the gambler's compulsion may without difficulty be divined from a story by a young novelist. Stefan Zweig, who, by the way, has himself devoted a study to Dostoevski (*Drei Meister*), in a collection of three long short stories, *Die Verwirrung der Gefühle* (*The Confusion of the Emotions*), has a story which he calls *Vierundzwangziz Stunden aus dem Leben einer Frau* (*Four and twenty Hours in a Woman's Life*). This little masterpiece ostensibly purports only to show what an irresponsible creature woman is, and to what excesses, surprising even to herself, an unexpected experience may drive her. But the story tells far more than this: when it is subjected to an analytical interpretation it represents without such apologetic tendencies something quite different, something universally human or rather masculine. And such an interpretation is so obvious that it cannot be denied. It is characteristic of the nature of artistic creation that the author, who is a personal friend, was able to assure me that the interpretation given by me was completely alien both to his mind and his intention, although many details were woven into the narrative which seemed expressly designed to indicate the secret clue. In the story a distin-

1 "He always remained at the gambling tables until he had lost everything and was completely ruined. It was only when the damage was complete that the demon at last retired from his soul and made way for the creative genius." (René Fülöp-Miller, *Dostojewski am Roulette,* page lxxxvi).

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guished elderly lady tells the author of an experience she had had twenty years before. She had been left a widow when still young, and was the mother of two sons, who no longer needed her. Expecting nothing further from life, at the age of forty-two, on one of her aimless journeyings, she visited the Casino at Monte Carlo, where, among all the remarkable sights of the place, she was soon fascinated by two hands, which seemed to betray all the feelings of the unlucky gambler with terrifying sincerity and intensity. These hands belonged to a handsome young man—the author unintentionally makes him the same age as the eldest son of the narrator—who, after having lost everything, left the room in the depths of despair, evidently with the intention of ending his hopeless life in the gardens. An inexplicable feeling of sympathy compels her to follow him and make every effort to save him. He takes her for one of the importunate women so common there, and tries to shake her off; but she stays with him and finds herself obliged in the most natural way possible to share his room at the hotel, and finally his bed. After this improvised night of love, she exacts from the young man, now apparently calmed down, a promise that he will never play again, provides him with money for his journey home and undertakes to meet him at the station before the departure of the train. Then she begins to feel a great tenderness for him, wants to sacrifice everything to keep him, and makes up her mind to go with him instead of saying good-bye. Various adverse circumstances make her miss the train, and in her longing for the lost one, she again visits the gaming rooms, and there, to her horror, sees once more the hands which had first excited her sympathy: the faithless boy had gone back to his gambling. She reminds him of his promise, but, obsessed by his passion, he calls her a spoil-sport, tells her to get out, and flings down the money with which she had tried to save him. She hurries away deeply mortified, and learns later that she has not succeeded in rescuing him from suicide.

This brilliantly told, perfectly motivated story indeed exists in its own right, and is certain of deeply affecting all readers. But psychoanalysis shows us that its invention is based on the extinction of a wish phantasy belonging to the period of puberty, which many people consciously remember. The phantasy embodies a wish that the mother should herself initiate the boy into sexual life in order to save him from the dreaded evils of onanism. All the "release" poetic inventions which we find so frequently, have the same origin. The vice of onanism is replaced by the passion for gambling; the emphasis laid on the passionate activity of the hands betrays this derivation. The gambling mania is actually an equivalent of the old onanism com-

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pulsion; "playing" is the very word used in the nursery for the activity of the hands in masturbation. The irresistibility of the temptation, the solemn, never kept, resolutions never to do it, the soothing pleasure, and the bad conscience which tells him that he is ruining himself (suicide), remain unaltered in the substitution. Zweig's story is told from the point of view of the mother, not of the son. The son may cajole himself by thinking: if my mother knew what dangers onanism may involve me in, she would certainly save me by permitting me to lavish my tenderness on her own body. The identification of the mother with the prostitute made by the young man in the story belongs to the same phantasy. It brings the unattainable within easy reach. The bad conscience which accompanies this phantasy entails the unhappy ending of the story. It is also interesting to note how the external circumstances employed by the author in the story try to conceal its analytic meaning. For it is extremely questionable whether the love life of woman is controlled by sudden and mysterious impulses. Analysis rather goes to show that there is adequate motivation for the surprising behaviour of a woman who has hitherto rejected love. Faithful to the memory of her dead husband, she has armed herself against all similar claims, but—and here the phantasy of the son is right—she, as mother, has not escaped transference of love to the son, of which she is entirely unconscious, and fate is able to capture her at this undefended spot.

If the gambling habit, with its unsuccessful struggles to break oneself from it and its opportunities for self-punishment, is a repetition of the onanism compulsion, we shall not be surprised that it gained such a firm place in Dostoevski's life. We find no case of serious neurosis in which the autoerotic satisfaction of immaturity and puberty does not play its part, and the relations between the effort to suppress it and the fear of the father are so well known that they need only be mentioned.[1]

(Translated by D. F. Tait)

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1 Most of the views here expressed are also contained in the excellent book of Solan Neufeld, published in 1923, *Dostojewski, Skizze zu seiner Psychoanalyse.*

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Books

FITZGERALD AND HIS BRETHREN

COMPLETE CANDOR in autobiography is very rare, for two reasons: because of the pride or inhibition or self-delusion of the man, or because of the dramatizing and myth-making faculty of the artist, even when dealing with himself. There is very little of the former in this remarkably interesting collection of the fragmentary autobiography of Scott Fitzgerald*; there is some of the latter. There is also the discretion of the editor, whose concern for the living has turned a lot of the proper names into asterisks and evidently deleted a good deal more. Nevertheless the impression of a desperate effort at self-disclosure is one of the most striking things about this book. With the general wreck of his self-confidence, pride in his honesty with himself seems to have been the one concession Fitzgerald made to his vanity.

Many fascinating things emerge under this honorable scrutiny, and many of them have already been noticed by reviewers for the weeklies. What interests me most is the curious likeness uncovered between Fitzgerald and his fictional brethren—not necessarily in circumstances, but in a kind of basic underlying sensibility. The root of this lay, I should think, in a queer conflict in Fitzgerald himself: the conflict between Fitzgerald the snob and the worshiper of dazzle, and Fitzgerald the judge and the moralist.

Fitzgerald's liking for rich company has often enough been noted; but the sense in which it is basic in him, the sense in which wealth and glitter and the arrogance of position are almost his only symbols for earthly beatitude has been put bluntly by only one critic I know about—by Charles Weir in an article called *An Invite with Gilded Edges* in the *Virginia Quarterly*. Certainly Fitzgerald put it bluntly enough himself: great animal magnetism and money, he says in one of his notes, are the top things. In practice those among his characters who have great animal magnetism also either have, or get, money. There is probably no writer of our time whose imagery of the desirable is more consistently in terms of wealth, of diamonds, of pure material glitter. "Her voice is full of money," says Gatsby of Daisy, thereby defining more than the source of his own fascination.

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* THE CRACK-UP. With other Uncollected Pieces, Note-Books and Unpublished Letters. *By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Edited by Edmund Wilson. New Directions.* $3.50.

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How did a man so sensitive as Fitzgerald come by what is almost a worship of money? First of all, I suppose, because nobody taught him anything else, and he was not an original thinker. He remembered of his college life most specifically that he was too light to play college football and that an attack of tuberculosis had cost him the presidency of the Triangle Club. He seems never to have got over the pang of these early failures to qualify as "the man most likely to succeed." Certainly he never learned in college that there was any form of success, even literary, not to be commercially or at least tangibly calculated.

But this, which is perfectly normal, does not quite explain the intensity of his feeling. The articles in *The Crack-up* suggest the explanation: at twenty-two he endured the trauma of being poor—or at least genteel poor. After a "haughty career as the army's worst aide-de-camp" he got in an advertising agency. Here he lived a life curiously suspended between the rich friendships of Princeton and the painful reality of his salary. Poverty meant to him no actual privation; what it meant was the realization that others were much richer than he, and that it mattered. His autobiographical articles come back again and again to the portrait of his double life at this time: walking in now and then from his cheap bleak flat to the big parties, the handsome mansions, "ghost-like in the Plaza Red Room of a Saturday afternoon"; walking quickly "from certain places—from the pawn shop where one left the field glasses, from prosperous friends whom one met when wearing the suit from before the war." There was certainly a painful sense of insecurity and inferiority. Anyway, his New York adventure ended when the golden girl threw him over "on the basis of common sense." He must have had a partial breakdown; at any rate he went back home to St. Paul, convinced that he was a failure—there to hit the jackpot with *This Side of Paradise* and incidentally win back the golden girl.

After that, according to Fitzgerald, he was never "able to stop wondering where my friends' money came from, nor to stop thinking that at one time a sort of *droit de seigneur* might have been exercised to give one of them my girl." He describes himself as having a smouldering hatred for the leisure class, but its practical results seem to have been an envy and an admiration for the possibly not unattainable. The articles and notes in *The Crack-up* are full of an acute sense of the gradations of class. He is always concerned as to whether he and Zelda were staying at the best, or the second best, or the bad hotel; with the relative fashion among relative groups of the watering places they frequented; with the social moving-up or moving down of the people he knew—and described. Even in the article the implicit snobbery has an almost sociological tone; in his creative work it is of course less blunt.

But all this is only the half of it, and it is the tension between this and the other half that makes, I think, the peculiar distinction of Fitzgerald both as stylist and as commentator. Behind the devotion to glitter

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is also the sense of the illusion of the felicity which it represents. "All the stories that came into my head," he observed quite accurately, "had a touch of disaster in them—the lovely young creatures in my novels went to ruin, the diamond mountains of my short stories blew up, my millionaires were as beautiful and damned as Thomas Hardy's peasants. In life these things hadn't happened yet, but I was pretty sure living wasn't the reckless, careless business these people thought." He put it another way in a letter to his daughter. "Sometimes I wish I had gone along with that gang [Cole Porter and Rogers and Hart], but I guess I am too much a moralist at heart, and really want to preach to people in some acceptable form, rather than to entertain them."

The notion of Fitzgerald as a moralist is at first sight sufficiently astonishing. Certainly he was not an articulate moralist, with any conscious thought-out morality. He was not, as I said before, a thinker. In one of his later articles he confesses, a little pathetically, that other men were his intellectual, ethical and artistic consciences, and that "my political conscience had scarcely existed save as an element of irony in my stuff." He was, in short, a moralist by feeling and intuition; he had what I once heard described as a sense of smell. One of his values, he wrote in *The Crack-up,* had been "a disregard of motives or consequences in favor of guess-work and prophecy."

As applied to the life of the rich, the sense of smell may have germinated in the smouldering resentment against the leisure class which he described and in the feeling of insecurity which dependence upon money had given him. But it made him, in any case, a fatalist as well as a moralist. One part of his nature told him that only the rich could be happy and gracious; but he knew by observation, experience and his peculiar intuition that even the rich were not. At the end of his life he wrote to his daughter, in about as explicit a moral concept as he ever expressed, the formulation he finally arrived at: the wise and tragic sense of life sees that "life is essentially a cheat and its conditions are those of defeat, and that the redeeming things are not 'happiness and pleasure' but the deeper satisfactions that come out of struggle." But that was long after the time of his first novels. In the twenties it is easier to recognize in his characters the attitude of Maury Noble, who wondered "at the unreality of ideas and at the fading radiance of existence."

Thinking of the tragic sense of life, Fitzgerald wrote in the account of his crack-up that "the test of a first-rate intelligence is the ability to hold two opposed ideas in his mind at the same time, and still retain the ability to function." But this is also, not accidentally, a definition of irony: the sense of something simultaneously affirmed and denied woven into the web of the style. With Fitzgerald the mark of his style is more specifically a nostalgic irony, and this is as much as anything the expression of the need to hold in the mind at once the two deeply ingrained but opposed ideas I have been describing. His style keeps reminding you,

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particularly in his earlier stuff, of his sense of the enormous beauty of which life, suitably ornamented, is capable; and at the same time of his judgment as to worthlessness of the ornament and the corruptibility of the beauty. This irony of regret lies deep in the individual contour of phrase and assortment of words; if the felicity of its expression is no doubt not to be explained, it is still, it seems to me, the key to the consistency of the peculiar Fitzgerald tone.

You see it continually in the notebooks printed in this collection, where it emerges with the sharpness given to the focus of fragments. But the notebooks as a whole are a little disappointing; if the wise-cracks seem sometimes pretty thin and the descriptions have often the wilfulness and brittleness of visible tricks, it is probably because the irony is not sustained by a context, by the consistent congruity of an attitude. They remind you, in short, of how much the style in the novels interprets the essential subject matter.

The Great Gatsby is Fitzgerald's best novel because here the congruity of story and style and attitude is closest and most meaningful. Here he had a story whose central character not only symbolized his own conflicts and confusions, but made a moving commentary on a period and a country as well. The grandeur and pathos of Gatsby are that his enormous vitality, ambition and power of creation are all lavished on a "vast, vulgar, and meretricious beauty" unworthy of the emotion that cannot discover a worthier ideal. It is notable that the auditors clearly, and even Gatsby dimly, are aware of the corruption "concealing his incorruptible dream." The clearsightedness is Fitzgerald's commentary on himself: he wrote to John Peale Bishop at the time that Gatsby "started out as one man I knew and then changed into myself." Hence, I suspect, both the warmth and the compassion of the portrait of Gatsby. But if the feeling of the novel owes a good deal to its author's identity with his subject, its impact owes a lot too to its range; to the fact that Gatsby is not merely a disguise for Fitzgerald. Not only Gatsby and Fitzgerald have dreams nobler and finer than any tangible forms that are given them, or that they can find for them; more charged with emotion than the tangible forms justify. The tragedy of Gatsby was a fable for his America; it is not, I should say, by any means dead yet.

2.

The price of writing within a generally realistic convention, particularly of the more personal sort, is that the writer's art must live on his own experiences and emotions while the business of writing interferes with his acquiring any more. Hence the reveries over childhood and youth so common in modern fiction. Reading over both *The Crack-up* and the output it footnotes, one is struck again and again by how hard Fitzgerald worked whatever lodes were to be found in what was, after

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all, not a very varied upper middle-class life. It is not only in the recurrence of the ambiguous delight and disillusion. There are the milieux, for instance: how thoroughly and carefully he used every physical background with which he was familiar: the Middle West of St. Paul, Princeton, New York, Long Island, Zelda's South, the bars and the beaches of the rich in two continents. Of the limitations these imposed on him, Fitzgerald was thoroughly aware: "So many writers, Conrad for instance," he wrote to his daughter, "have been aided by being brought up in a metier utterly unrelated to literature. It gives an abundance of material and, more important, an attitude from which to view the world. So much writing nowadays suffers from lack of an attitude and from sheer lack of any material, save what is accumulated in a purely social life. The world, as a rule, does not live on beaches and in country clubs."

Was sheer lack of material the reason for the falling-off in simple volume of output in the last fifteen years of Fitzgerald's life? It may have contributed. At any rate it is suggestive that between 1920 and 1925 he published three novels in which he used (or used up?) the backgrounds of his youth; that much later, in 1934, he drew on the international background of bars, beaches and asylums for *Tender Is the Night;* and that, ironically, the pot-boiling excursion to Hollywood gave him new material for his last serious work, the unfinished *Last Tycoon.*

But perhaps the drain on his emotions was even more serious. "I have asked a lot of my emotions," says one of the notes, "one hundred and twenty stories. The price was high, right up with Kipling, because there was one little drop of something—not blood, not a tear, not my seed, but me more intimately than these, in every story, it was the extra I had. Now it has gone and I am just like you now." Certainly there are signs of an emotional exhaustion in the later books. As others have noticed, there is never any really satisfactory reason given for Dick Diver's break up in *Tender Is the Night.* But Fitzgerald's clearest implication is that Doctor Diver breaks up because he has cured Nicole by an almost physical transference of his own balance and will. Did Fitzgerald see Nicole as Diver's work of creation, did he transfer to him a feeling of the exhaustion of achievement? At any rate the reason seems to make better sense for Fitzgerald than it does for Doctor Diver.

As for *The Last Tycoon,* its promise, it seems to me, has been extravagantly over-estimated for the most generous reasons by his friends. It is true that it is about the only novel yet attempted to take Hollywood seriously; it is also true that Fitzgerald was certainly trying for what Dos Passos has called a wider "frame of reference for common humanity" than he had managed before. But it doesn't seem to come out right. In *The Great Gatsby* Fitzgerald had started with personal dilemmas and a sort of self-examination and ended by creating a fable that had indeed Dos Passos' wider frame. In *The Last Tycoon* he apparently began with the frame and ended with the personal dilemmas and the self-projection

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willy-nilly dragging their way in. On any other basis the projected pattern is baffling. The serious theme of the novel, as evidenced first of all by the title, appears to be the modern conflict between the original craftsman of the whole and the mass-production assembly line. Why then did Fitzgerald choose to undercut his whole drama by letting us know that Stahr is a dying man? Why did he attach an apparently unrelated love affair which he regarded as "the meat of the book"? The love affair, no doubt, illuminates the last feverish gasping for life of a man with a "definite urge toward total exhaustion." But why have a hero so defeated in advance if you mean to deal evenly with a general theme? Unless Fitzgerald was again unwittingly projecting himself, I do not know the answer.

What seems particularly to have worried Fitzgerald about the book was the loss of the old emotion and sparkle; where the radiance and disillusion had balanced before, now the radiance was fading. "Where will the warmth come from in this?" he wrote of one of the scenes between Stahr and Kathleen. "My girls were all so warm and full of promise." The self-criticism was accurate; perhaps that is why after three years, even three years filled with sickness and pot-boiling, the novel was still only half-finished. It must have cost him an heroic effort to accomplish as much as he did. That effort was one of the two things that give to his last years a great dignity, if not the epic grandeur which he himself spoke of as a delusion. The other was his absorbing interest in his daughter. *The Crack-up* reprints some of his wise and moving letters to her, particularly moving in the dedicated earnestness with which he strove by exposing his own failures to spare her his miseries.

It was, in any case, a sad life after the excitement of the first glory. Whether the outcome would have been any different if Fitzgerald had been working within a tradition less exacting of personal experience—one, for instance, where you could get along with a little reading for material provided you had human insight and imagination—can only be a matter of speculation. There were plenty of personal tensions in Fitzgerald's life beside those imposed by his writing. Still, it is worth remarking that other contemporaries have resorted to new participations in order to get at something other than "a purely social life." Dos Passos has been a periodic reporter between novels; and Hemingway the adventurer and political poseur may well be necessary to Hemingway the artist. Both, it may also be noted, have developed away from the novel of strictly individual dilemmas to some variety of the novel of social involvement.

My tentative point is that it is hard for a realistic writer to stay in business if he does not. All writing is of course to some extent a battening on one's self; and for all writers there must be a fear of repetition. But the demand that one make literature out of what one has actually lived is more exhausting than others; and modern American fiction, from

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Stephen Crane on (a perhaps ambiguous case), has had more than its share of abortive careers. "Books are like brothers," wrote Fitzgerald in his Note-Books. "I am an only child. Gatsby my imaginary eldest brother, Amory my younger, Anthony my worry, Dick my comparatively good brother, but all of them far from home. When I have the courage to put the old white light on the home of my heart, then. . . . " *The Crack-up* makes the white light seem nearer home than Fitzgerald admitted; perhaps it would have been better for him if some of the brothers had been acquaintances or at least cousins. The old white light on the heart, it seems safe to say, is a particular focus with a higher price than most in human vitality and personality.

ANDREWS WANNING

THE FOREST AND THE TREES

ANGEL IN THE FOREST. *By Marguerite Young. Reynal & Hitchcock.* $3.00

TO MY MIND, the significance of Miss Young's book lies in its extension of literature to other fields. The introduction of literary and descriptive elements into predominantly analytical disciplines has had the effect of displacing the more traditional, particularly the historical, modes of analysis—as in philosophy, through the activity of the existentialists. *Angel in the Forest* seems to be a step in this direction, at least in so far as it shows that history, too, can be ahistorical.

The facts of history and of literature are the same, as far as facts go; the facts of poetry, all the better, are even superior to those of history, for they are more typical—which is an old truth with a modern moral, (at any rate, one that is winning wide respect) namely, that the imagination is also a *Forschungsmittel* into the nature of man. So far there is no cause for conflict because the trained imagination, harnessed to a task, is always welcome, even in some academic circles. It is when the imagination becomes a thing in itself, as literal in its claims as it is in poetry that the trouble begins, for then one must sublimate one perspective or the other, the poetic or the historical one, genius, as a rule, not being there to combine the two. So it is with this "Fairy Tale of Two Utopias."

The facts are that Father Rapp, leader of a German religious sect, established a celibate community, dictatorial and unreasonable, at Harmony, Indiana, along the banks of the Wabash, and met with a qualified but considerable worldly success, although he and his disciples expected the world to end in 1842 and kept their backs turned against it. The site of the Rapp community, together with buildings and installations, was taken over by Robert Owen and his followers who met with no success whatsoever, although they were oriented toward the world, free-

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dom, humanity and the new science of society, socialism, the rational order. I dare say Miss Young's research was extensive. The life in both utopias is well documented, particularly Robert Owen's, whose English background, furthermore, is fully covered. All the essentials of an historical account are to be found in the book: the facts, characters, ideologies, atmospheres, the mysticism and the enthusiasm, the crucial events, and of course the social forces and movements without which a history reads like a mere succession of stills. And yet the most important thing of all is missing—the simple sense of history, of time passing and past, accumulated and running out. Everything is concentrated into an ever-present moment, a bright eternal now. The pitch of sensibility is raised to the point where only the actual experiencing subject could feel so much, undergo such a long series of fresh sensations and be so dazzled by it all. There is no time for generalization, for detachment reached after an assortment of the facts; no time to stop elaborating the texture and find the pattern of the threads. Analysis, social commentary, evaluation, one's personal position must all be sublimated to the literary act, embodied and rendered in the text, as in a naturalistic novel. Insight is indispensable, but there is no single, natural place for it; it must therefore be maintained at every point along the way, with the result that it becomes a strained virtue whose effect is lost through dispersal. There is no real intellectual climax in the book.

The same method of elaboration of irrelevancies interferes with the development of *Angel in the Forest* as a literary work. Thus the scene in which Father Rapp castrates and thereby kills his son for breaking the rule of celibacy is set down in a paragraph that has no more weight than the writing which describes the hop-fields along the river. It is done in the same manner, one style prevailing everywhere—a cataloguing of rhythmical units: "Nakedness, a howling, a grovelling, a mute repentance as the body learns its master, self-mastery. . . . Unfortunately," continues the paragraph, "this was no mere flogging but emasculation, and the victim died, crying like a stuck pig—somewhere in the neighborhood of the piggery." An elaborate understatement, lost among its kind.

The feeling for literature is there, and all the credentials of writing. But it is a literary method made up completely of writing—good writing, certainly; original, the images clearly struck, the irony and the wit implicit in the words and the words well chosen; and yet it is a literature of sensibility, without drama and without structure, a porridge of highly polished rice.

I do not want to appear to be condemning this method entirely. Its imaginative intention is of the very highest, and it is all to Marguerite Young's credit as a poet to have seen that her two utopias call for its application. After all the social studies have been made there remains something compelling to sheer poetic speculation in the old story of reason failing, unreason winning out. We may even find a pathetic charm

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in the naiveté and simplicity of pre-scientific socialism—a charm that distracts us momentarily from the disquietude we feel over our presumably wiser, modern hopes. But what is it that lends that other charm, more like an evil, to irrationalism? What is its essential religious secret, what, perhaps, its truth? And why, after all the disenchantment, does the simplicity of the humanitarian ideal, the enlightenment, remain the only possible earthly kingdom?

Miss Young is wise about such matters. There is nothing pat in her approach, no formula, no indiscreet commitment to regret. She allows the initial mystery to stand after making, for what it's worth, her original effort to clear it up. But hers is a wisdom without thesis—the inexpensive kind.

ISAAC ROSENFELD

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